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Margaret Gillies.
From the original painting by
W. H. F. Field.

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The Hampstead Annual, 1899.

Edited by GREVILLE E. MATHESON
AND SYDNEY C. MAYLE.

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Hampstead Coats of Arms.

The Views of old Hampstead (with the exception of the Bell Inn, Kilburn, the "Yorkshire Grey" Yard, Hampstead Green, and the "Cock and Hoop," which are lent by Mr. F. E. Baines) are reproduced from engravings in the collection of Mr. George Potter, of Highgate.



The King of Bohemia.

A Hampstead Inn Name.

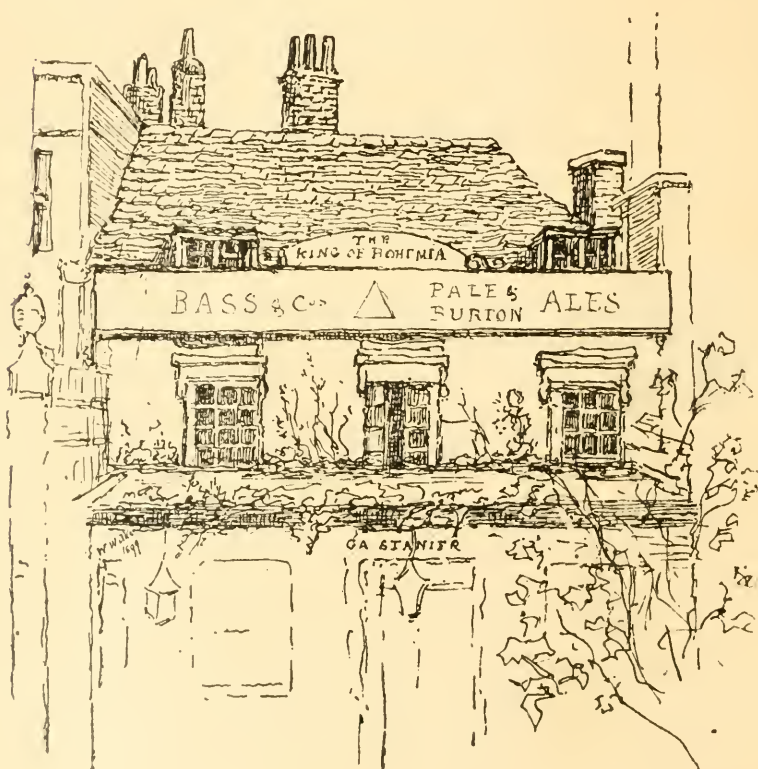
BY PROFESSOR HALES.



ON the right, just as one enters the Hampstead High Street from the south, nearly opposite the house once tenanted by Sir Harry Vane, stands an old inn called the "King of Bohemia." The lower frontage is of comparatively recent date ; the upper still carries us back to the age of James the First, and yet more strikingly Jacobean in its aspect and in its details, as an excellent authority has pointed out to me, is the back of the premises. The name also belongs to exactly the same period. It has nothing to do with the monarch who fought against us at Crecy some five hundred and fifty years ago ; and as little with the vagrant race that made its appearance in north-western Europe about the close of the Middle Ages. It was once to be found in another spot, viz. near Turnham Green—perhaps in several others—in the seventeenth century ; and in Drury Lane there was an inn called the "Queen of Bohemia," about whose origin there can be no manner of doubt. Unquestionably, the King of Bohemia, whose memory is so curiously preserved in the

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title of our Hampstead tavern, is none other than the once so well known Frederick V., the Elector Palatine, who, in the year 1619, in an evil moment both for himself and for the country from which he assumed his royal style, permitted himself to be elected King of a certain Protestant district, and so fanned a fire that was already



kindled into a frightful flame, which blazed over and burnt up Central Europe for thirty years.

To think what a portentous factor in German and in the world's history was he who is indebted for his commemoration in this local magazine to an obscure public house!

It is difficult for us now to imagine the enthusiasm

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felt for him in England, and how his transient title, really held but for a single year, was a kind of spell to stir men's blood. The explanation is that he was regarded as the representative of Continental Protestantism. Then not less than now, as recent events have unmistakably shown, England was profoundly and fervently Protestant. With the Catholic reaction or Counter-reformation it had no sympathy of any appreciable amount; for the most part it utterly detested that movement, and viewed its possible success abroad with the deepest abhorrence. That a terrible struggle was imminent was only too certain, and also that a relentless establishment of Romanism and the extinction of religious liberty would be rigorously attempted; and England was passionately attached to the anti-Roman side—the side that seemed in danger of being completely overpowered. The idea of toleration was yet in its infancy with both parties. Bigots and fanatics were to be found everywhere. But the antecedents of the Emperor Ferdinand II., and the course he seemed bent on pursuing, had filled all Lutheran and Calvinistic partisans with acute alarm, and had not less distressed and agonised all good Protestants in other countries. Now the Court of the Palatinate had for long been one of the most important centres of German Protestantism. Calvinism was established there by Frederick III. (1557-1576); his successor, Lewis (1576-1580), had attempted a reconciliation of Lutheranism and Calvinism; after him, in the time of Frederick IV., Calvinism was firmly re-established. And this Frederick IV. was the father of Frederick V., in whose career we are just now interested. Thus Protestant England looked on the Palatinate with the warmest sympathy, and fondly trusted that out of it might come a champion capable of main-

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taining the cause of what both the English people and Palatine Electorate embraced and cherished as the purer faith.

And, some years before he was so haplessly crowned King of Bohemia, Frederick V. had enjoyed an immense popularity in this country, and what concerns us in this paper, had made his appearance on the sign-boards of inns. He came over to England in the year 1612 as the recognised suitor of one of the loveliest of all our princesses, the Lady Elizabeth, then only sixteen years of age—the Palgrave was no older—of whose maturer beauty Sir Henry Wotton sang so sweetly in the often printed lines of which the following is the first stanza :

You meaner beauties of the night
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise ?

and ending in this wise :

So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ?

The youthful lover of this *belle* of her day, himself not lacking in good looks and pleasant ways, met with a rapturous reception.

“When it was known,” writes the most distinguished of living English historians, “that the vessel in which he sailed had arrived in safety at Gravesend, the enthusiasm in London was unbounded. As his barge passed up the river to Whitehall, he was welcomed by the thousands who had come out to see him arrive. James received him cordially, and even the Queen

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forbore to give expression to her dislike. [She had set her mind on her daughter marrying a royal personage.] It was not long before he was able to assure himself that he had won the heart of Elizabeth as well as her hand, though, if rumour is to be trusted, she had hitherto shared her mother's dislike of a connection which she had been taught to regard as a marriage of disparagement. The impression which he made upon all who conversed with him was favourable, and even those who before his arrival had spoken slightly of the match, were obliged to confess that, so far as his personal appearance went, he was worthy even of Elizabeth herself."

The wedding was delayed by the sad death of the lady's brother Henry, a young prince of great promise, who, had he lived, might have happily modified the course of English History. But at last, on St. Valentine's Day, 1613, it took place amidst loud and long jubilations. Epithalamia abounded, sung or written in English by Chapman, Donne, Wither, Heywood, Peacham, Francis Beaumont, and in Latin and Greek and even in Hebrew by Laud, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Burton, author of the "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," John Hampden, and others. It has been suggested by a scholar who is always to be listened to with respect, that Shakespeare's "*Tempest*" was composed and performed in honour of these famous nuptials; but the sounder opinion seems to be that that Play is of rather earlier date by some two years or so.

None of these hymenæal songs has any high poetic value; poems written to order and to suit an occasion are often enough no important additions to literature; but they all echo the national joy over an union so satisfactory to the national Protestantism. The bride, we are told by a contemporary chronicler, could scarcely dissemble her girlish delight:

The King of Bohemia.

“ While the Archbishop of Canterbury was solemnizing the marriage, some eruscations [a mistake for coruscations?] and lightnings of joy appeared in her countenance that expressed more than an ordinary smile, being almost elated to a laughter ; which,” adds the wise chronicler, the then future having become the past, “ could not clear the air of her fate, but was rather a fore-runner of more sad and dire events ; which shews how slippery Nature is to take us along to those things that bring danger, yea, sometimes destruction with them.”

It seemed an ideal match, and not yet dreamt of were the storms that were to beat on their homeless heads. It was not unreasonable to hope such storms might never arise.

O never may black cloud
Two such bright lustres shroud
From the world's eye, but still shine
Till fate make you both divine.

He a prince is, gravely young,
Cato's head and Tully's tongue,
Nereus' shape, Ulysses' brain ;
Had he with these Nestor's reign,
 Enjoying all the rest
 Of Heaven (that we request),
That they [the gods] likewise would afford
To manage these a Hector's sword.

Had great Jove beheld this queen,
When Europa first was seen,
O'er the seas he had not sought her,
Nor Agenor lost his daughter ;
 Europe that spacious ground,
 Through the world so renowned,
Had lost her style, and ere her death
It had been called Elizabeth.

The King of Bohemia.

And so on and on the bells went ringing :

Yon's the bridegroom ; d'ye not spy him ?
See how all the ladies eye him.
Venus his perfection findeth,
And no more Adonis mindeth.
Much of him my heart divineth,
On whose brow all virtue shineth.

Two such creatures Nature would not
Let one place long keep ; she should not ;
One she'd have (she cares not whether)
But our loves can spare her neither.
Therefore, ere we'll so be spited,
They in one shall be united.

No wonder if the male paragon, or at least part of him, was at once exalted to be an inn sign. There was a famous tavern called "The Palsgrave's Head" just "without" Temple Bar, and a Palsgrave Court close by ; see Messrs. Larkin and Hotten's "History of Signboards," who tell us also there was a Palatine Head near French 'Change in Soho.

Most probably the Grave Maurice, after whom two London inns were named—one in Whitechapel Road, and one in St. Leonard's Road,* Bromley—was the uncle of the Palsgrave who now concerns us ; he and his nephew were elected Knights of the Garter together. But there was another Maurice of about the same time who was highly popular in this country—Maurice the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, an ardent Protestant also all through the Thirty Years' War ; and without further investigation it is not easy to attribute the Maurice signboards with certainty.

* The St. Leonard's Road house has been rebuilt and no longer exhibits its old title ; but it is still colloquially known by it, or was in the spring of this year.

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At last the happy pair betook them to their picturesque home at Heidelberg ; and then children were born to them ; and for a time—for some six years—things went well enough. But the religious troubles of Germany grew more and more fierce and unmanageable. A terrible coming event cast its shadow before, and darker and darker that shadow became, till at last, in 1618, arrived the hideous thing itself : then began the struggle that we know as the Thirty Years' War. Any chance of restraining or suppressing it was utterly destroyed by the Elector Palatine accepting the Crown of Bohemia in the following year.

His wife's ambition—" Let me rather eat my bread at a King's table than feast at the table of an Elector," she is said to have remarked—and his own imprudence—he was a bigoted Calvinist of but mean sagacity and talent—led him rashly and fatally to accept a crown that already belonged to the Emperor Ferdinand II., and so to raise a tempest that with little delay overwhelmed and sunk him and his fortunes. No more foolish thing did those sailors of Ulysses, who untied the winds that instantaneously wrecked their frail craft, than this misguided Elector, who by his infatuated conduct did in fact "cry 'Havoc' and let loose the dogs of war." Even towards his co-Protestants, the Lutherans, he was intolerant ; to the Catholic he would make no concessions whatever. Such a monarch in such a time could enjoy no long reign. After the lapse of a single winter in the Palace of Prague, he was driven forth to shelter his unfortunate head where he might, for his ancestral domains also were in the enemy's grasp ; he fled from place to place, at last finding refuge in Holland, where his uncle assigned him a palace at Rhenen. For some thirteen years he lived on, an exile and a pauper, amidst many

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misfortunes and distresses, though a sadder, not a wiser man. When Gustavus Adolphus carried everything before him, the Elector joined him, and might yet in some degree have prospered, had he profited by his bitter experience.

"As Gustavus rode into Munich," writes Professor Gardiner, "Frederick, the exiled Elector Palatine, was by his side, triumphing over the flight of his old enemy. It was not the fault of Gustavus if Frederick was not again ruling at Heidelberg. Gustavus had offered him his ancestral territories on the condition that he would allow Swedish garrisons to occupy his fortresses during the war, and would give equal liberty to the Lutheran and the Calvinist forms of worship. Against this latter demand Frederick's narrow-hearted Calvinism steeled itself; and when, not many months later, he was carried off by fever at Bacharach, he was still, through his own fault, a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth."

But the Protestantism of England cared little to dwell upon his weaknesses and his errors. To it he was the symbol of the Continental movement with which it was earnestly in sympathy; and all its good wishes went with him. But for the action of its King, England would probably have done much more than send good wishes to the King of Bohemia. It was eager to succour and support him.

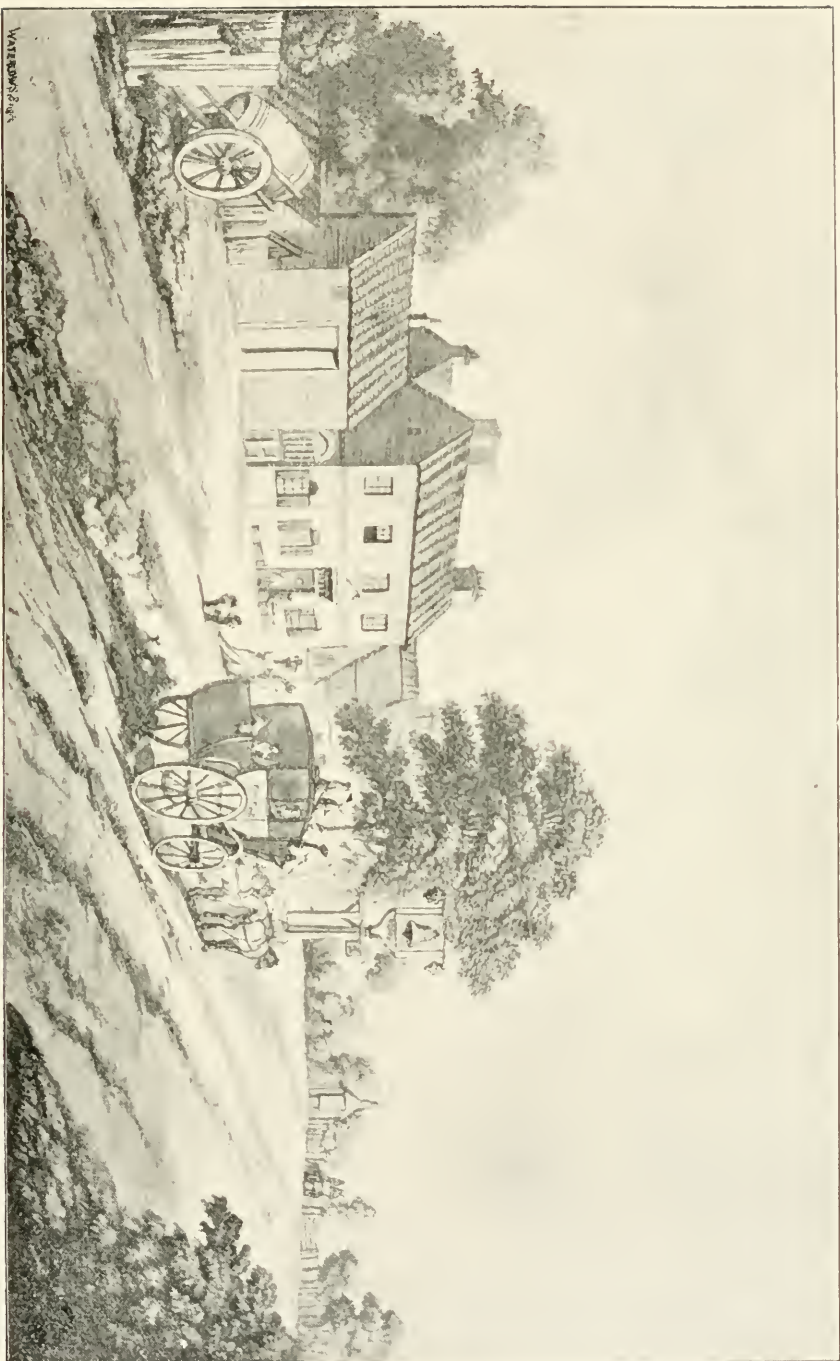
"There were," says a contemporary letter, "very few among, the members even of the Council that had other affections than, to favour the lively embracing of the cause both for the common good of religion and for the particular honour and interest of the state. And it is a great heart's grief to many that so glorious and brave an occasion should be no better entertained by us, and that noble prince no better seconded in his generous proceeding."

King James, however, took a very different view of his son-in-law and his ways; he obstinately and successfully, though of course not without hesitations,

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resisted the wide-spread feeling that subsidies and troops should be contributed to his service. Had the Elector been invaded in his Palatinate, the King, by the terms of the German Protestant Union with which he was in alliance, would have been bound to assist him ; but with his wild performances in Bohemia he would have nothing to do. His annoyance and disgust was genuine and it was largely effective ; but it could not altogether prevent expressions of the popular sentiment. There were collections of money for the kingdomless King of Bohemia, and promptly “voluntaries” or volunteers set out to his aid ; and later, even in the Plays of the day, we have signs that he was regarded with respect and sympathy. Of this emotion, so powerful for a time, we have yet before our eyes a record in the old inn-name in the High Street of Hampstead that has formed the subject of this paper—a record all the more significant and suggestive because King James, as Bishop Goodman tells us, had commanded that none of his subjects should give his son-in-law that title—“The King of Bohemia.”





THE "BELL" 1887 KUPPER, 1780.



Notes on some Poets connected with Hampstead.

KEATS. LEIGH HUNT. JOANNA BAILLIE.

BY RICHARD GARNETT.



Of all poets and men of letters intimately connected with Hampstead, John Keats is the greatest, and no circumstance in the literary history of our place of residence reflects so much honour upon it as the composition of his "Ode to a Nightingale" upon a Hampstead lawn. Particulars respecting him, even if unconnected with the locality, must always be interesting to inhabitants of Hampstead. It is therefore proposed briefly to point out two instances in which, condemned as his poetry too generally was during his lifetime, he seems to have been imitated by eminent contemporaries; and one in which he appears to have himself borrowed a hint of which he made noble use.

There are few closer instances of affinity of thought between contemporary poets than the passages on the prosaic and disillusionary character frequently, but most erroneously, ascribed to natural philosophy, which

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respectively occur in Keats' "Lamia" and in Campbell's poem on the Rainbow. Keats says :

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven.
We know her woof, her texture ; she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things.
Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine
—*Unweave a rainbow*, as it crewhile made
The tender-personed Lamia melt into a shade.

Campbell :

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art—

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

These passages can hardly be independent of each other, and there can be no doubt on which side the obligation lies, although the question may at first seem obscured by a very curious circumstance. Both poems

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were written in the same year, 1819. The second part of Keats' "Lamia," in which the lines above quoted occur, is known to have been composed between July 12 and September 5, 1819, probably for the most part in August. Campbell's biographer, Beattie, tells us that "The Rainbow" was written in 1819; the precise time of year is not stated. But, though written so nearly at the same time, they were not published simultaneously. "Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems," appeared in the summer of 1820; "The Rainbow" was first printed in the *New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by Campbell, for January, 1821. Keats could have had no access to a poem locked up in Campbell's desk, and the MS. of "Lamia," fortunately preserved, betrays no sign of interpolation. But Campbell might well borrow from a poem already before the world, and there is every reason to believe that he did. Beattie, who must have had access to the original MS., tells us that Campbell's poem in its original state differed widely from the published version, and it would be surprising if the difference did not consist in the application — perhaps the introduction — of the idea enunciated by Keats. With Keats this idea was a favorite ere he had versified it. Haydon tell us, in his journal, that on December 28, 1817, Keats and Lamb met with others at his house and agreed that Newton "had destroyed all the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to the prismatic colours." Unless, therefore, the similarity of the passages is a most extraordinary coincidence, Campbell is clearly convicted of plagiarism. The popular and successful author very probably thought that he did the obscure poet much honour by condescending to borrow from him, and it must be owned that he has turned the appropriation to excellent account

Notes on some Poets connected with Hampstead.

in a poetical point of view. In any other the thought is as false as it is specious and at first sight striking. The prism has no more vulgarised the rainbow than the telescope has vulgarised the moon.

Still may the poet sing—

“ Across a fleeting eastern cloud
A splendid rainbow sprang ;
And larks, invisible and loud,
Within its zenith sang.”

—COVENTRY PATMORE.

In truth, our two poets confute themselves by demonstrating that they can write quite as finely on the rainbow as they could have done if its origin had never been revealed by Newton.

Another apparent instance of Keats having afforded a hint to a contemporary is far less striking, but interesting from the quarter in which it occurs. Byron, it is well known, poured savage contempt upon Keats in his lifetime ; after the young poet's death he relented, and admitted that his “ Hyperion ” would preserve his name. The letter expressing this palinodia was written in July, 1821. By this time, therefore, he had read the volume of Keats containing “ Hyperion.” The same volume included “ The Eve of St. Agnes,” whose central glory, if any part of that divine poem is more glorious than another, is the famous description of the painted window. In his tragedy of “ Werner ” (December, 1821—January, 1822) Byron tries his own hand at a similar description, and although there is no trace of direct imitation, it is difficult to believe that Keats' stanzas were not consciously or unconsciously present to his mind :

“ Is he not here ? He must have vanished then
Through the dim Gothic glass with pious aid
Of pictured saints, upon the red and yellow

Notes on some Poets connected with Hampstead.

· Casements, through which the sunset streams like sunrise
On long pearl-coloured beards and crimson crosses,
And gilded croziers, and crossed arms, and cowls,
And helms and twisted armour, and long swords :
All the fantastic furniture of windows
Dim with brave knights and holy hermits, whose
Likeness and fame alike rest on some panes
Of crystal, which each rattling wind proclaims
As frail as any other life or glory."

We now proceed to an instance of apparent obligation on Keats' own part, to a writer whose book he probably never saw. Everyone knows the magnificent conclusion of his sonnet on Chapman's Homer :

" Like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

(He should have said *Balboa*, but this is immaterial.) It was always a puzzle to the present writer how Cortez or Balboa should have got into Keats' verse. They lay entirely beyond the range of his sympathies ; nowhere else, until the emigration of his brother to America some time after the publication of this sonnet, does he evince an interest in that continent, beyond borrowing a copy of Robertson's History of America to read at school. We now strongly suspect that he derived the illustration from a remarkable quotation in a note to Wordsworth's "Excursion." Wordsworth, generally so chary of praise, goes on this occasion out of his way to extol a lunatic poet whom he had known, William Gilbert, author of "The Hurricane," a composition which, better perhaps than any other, illustrates the comparison of Hamlet's talk to "sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." It

Notes on some Poets connected with Hampstead.

does not, like the productions of Christopher Smart and other insane bards who have profited by their lucid intervals, incline decidedly to the side of reason ; much less is it mere drivel. Except for a few of these intervals, it is nonsense pathetically striving to be sense, and often almost succeeding. The stuff of the mind is sound, but it seems mechanically disorganised by a jarring shock, as in fact was the case. An honorable sense of obligation led Wordsworth to preserve a proof of the really fine quality of this flawed intellect by citing a sane note to this insane production, which, as he implies, and is of itself sufficiently evident, had helped him to a fine passage of his own. Gilbert says :

“ A man is supposed to improve by going out into the world, by visiting London. Artificial man does ; he extends with his sphere ; but, alas ! that sphere is microscopic ; it is formed of minutiae, and he surrenders his genuine vision to the artist, in order to embrace it in his ken. . . . But when he walks along the river of Amazons ; when he rests his eye on the unrivalled Andes ; when he measures the long and watered savannahs ; *or contemplates, from a sudden promontory, the distant, vast Pacific*—and feels himself a freeman in this vast theatre, and commanding each ready produced fruit of this wilderness, and each progeny of this stream—his exaltation is not less than imperial.”

With more to the same effect, sufficiently fine to excuse, if not entirely justify, Wordsworth’s character of “ this quotation from a strange book,” as “ one of the finest passages in modern English prose.” The passage which he founded upon it reads as follows :

“ Along the side
Of Mississippi, or that northern stream
That spreads into successive seas, he walks
Pleased to perceive his own unshackled life,
And his innate capacities of soul,

Notes on some Poets connected with Hampstead.

There imaged ; or when, having gained the top
Of some commanding eminence, which yet
Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys
Regions of wood and wide savannah, vast
Expanse of unappropriated earth,
With mind that sheds a light on what he sees."

—EXCURSION, book 3, v. 930—940.

The "Excursion" was published in 1814, three years before any of Keats' poems were printed, and was, no doubt, as well as the rest of Wordsworth's poetry, sufficiently well known to him. On November 20, 1816, he composed the sonnet beginning—

"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning ;
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
Who on Helvellyn's summit wide awake
Catches his freshness from Archangel's wing."

The same day, writing to Haydon about his sonnet, Keats says, "the idea of your sending it to Wordsworth put me out of breath." His Cortez simile, notwithstanding, is not derived from the "Excursion," but from Gilbert's note, and for an excellent reason. In borrowing Gilbert's thought, Wordsworth has transformed it. Gilbert's contemplator of the vast Pacific is a European explorer of South America ; Wordsworth's roamer by the Mississippi or St. Lawrence is a North American Indian. Allusion to such a personage would have been preposterously misplaced in a sonnet on Homer ; nor does a river, even though "it spreads into successive seas," afford so apt an emblem of Homer's grandeur as the Pacific Ocean.

LEIGH HUNT.

A RESEMBLANCE, far from entirely fanciful, may frequently be traced between poets and the scenery they have loved to celebrate. Who does not recognise the affinity of

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Byron's genius to the glows and squalls of the Mediterranean ; of Shelley's to the landscape of Italy, so classical and so romantic ; of Wordsworth's to "the cloud, the cataract, and the lake ;" of Coleridge's to the dreamy opulence of the West of England ; of Pope's to the stately but domesticated nature of Windsor Forest ? To call Leigh Hunt the poet of Hampstead is not to re-echo the taunt of cockneyism so frequently levelled at him ; for Hampstead is not metropolitan but suburban. In one respect, however, he strikingly resembles the spot of his predilection. Hampstead's charms are its own ; whatever in it is other than charming arises from its vicinity to the great metropolis. If some Aladdin would uplift it by the power of his lamp, and set it down, precisely as it is, a hundred miles away in the country, its beauties would be greatly enhanced, and its displeasing features well nigh obliterated. Even so, in the three sonnets on Hampstead, penned during his incarceration in Horsemonger Lane Gaol, and the two added after his release, Hunt finds a true and delightful source of inspiration in the beauties of the suburbs. His defect is the pertness incident to the dwellers in cities, utterly destructive of the nobility which Arnold justly pronounces the first condition of greatness. How could one of Hunt's taste and accomplishments, many of whose descriptions are so flawlessly excellent, and who contributed almost as much to the reform of English metre as Wordsworth did to the reform of English poetic diction ; how could so exquisite a critic of poets of the quality of Spenser and Shelley fail to perceive that the epithet of "shrugging" for an uncomfortable neck, though graphic, is comic ; that, however a hill may resemble a bosom, the epithet "bosomy" for a hill or anything else is ridiculous ; and that, although a sunbeam may be aptly compared to

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a finger, "the fingering sun" calls up associations with the light-fingered gentry? The author himself seems to have had considerable misgivings about these sonnets, which he excluded from the edition of his works in 1832. A subsequent edition restored them in 1860, but the American edition of that year, though professing to give a complete collection, has eliminated them. With all their faults, however, they are not destitute of merit, and they should be endeared to Hampstead readers as testimonies of Hunt's affection for the place of his residence. The first three were written at various periods during his enforced absence by reason of his captivity in Horsemonger Lane Gaol; the other two express his delight on his return, though he did not at the time actually settle in Hampstead. Hunt's sonnets to Hampstead having been reprinted in the *Hampstead Annual* for 1897, it is needless to re-publish them here. It may be remarked that the indictment alluded to in one of them—and though extenuated, not denied—of Hampstead for being destitute of water, seems to prove that in celebrating its beauties Leigh Hunt had the West Heath solely in view. Ponds certainly existed in the East Heath in his time, for—not to speak of the scientific researches of Mr. Pickwick at a somewhat later period—Shelley is recorded by Hunt's eldest boy, Thornton, to have sailed paper boats upon the pond in the Vale of Health for the amusement of both.

An allusion to his Hampstead home may be discovered in another poem of Hunt's—"The Choice"—written far away in Italy. After describing the home of his choice in such a manner as to suggest a thoroughly rural scene, he adds characteristically :

"A batch of cottages should smoke beside,
And there should be a town within a morning's ride."

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This *rus in urbe* will be sought in vain in "The Choice," as it appears in the author's poetical works, which present but a mere fragment of the poem. It appeared in No. VI. of *The Liberal*, where it is a poem of between three and four hundred lines. It was probably much criticised for its ultra-Huntian jauntiness and flippancy : at all events by far the larger part disappeared in the edition of 1832, including the aspiration for vicinity to town quoted above. The author subsequently inserted some couplets on Chatsworth in honour of the Duke of Devonshire, but made no other alteration. The pathetic conclusion, also omitted, might be thought to refer to Hampstead, but this is not the case :

" Then to the bed of my affections, where
My best friends lay, should its calm steps repair ;
And two such vistas to my travels' end
Before me now with gathering looks attend :
One to a gentle village, my old home ;
The other by the softened walls of Rome."

"The gentle village, my old home," is not Hampstead, but Finchley, where, in his childhood, Hunt had lost his sister Mary. "The walls of Rome" refer to Shelley's interment under the pyramid of Caius Cestius.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

POEM ON LONDON.

CANON Ainger's interesting notice of Joanna Baillie, in the *Hampstead Annual* for 1898, does not refer to the one among her poems which is most intimately associated with Hampstead. Being buried in the thick



J. Baillie

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volume of her poetical works, this really fine piece is probably but little known. Readers of the *Annual* will not be sorry to have an opportunity of perusing a production which, apart from its local interest, may be truly described as an impressive poem on an impressive subject :

LONDON.

“ It is a goodly sight through the clear air,
From Hampstead's heathy height, to see at once
England's vast capital in fair expanse,
Towers, belfries, lengthened streets and structures fair.
A lofty dome amid the vassal bands
Of neighbouring spires like regal chieftain stands ;
And over fields of ridgy roofs appear,
With distance softly tinted, side by side,
In kindred grace, like twain of sisters dear,
The towers of Westminster, her Abbey's pride ;
While, far beyond the hills of Surrey shine
Through thin soft haze, and show their wavy line.
Viewed thus, a goodly sight ! but when surveyed
Through denser air, when winter winds prevail,
In her grand panoply of smoke arrayed,
While clouds aloft in heavy volumes sail,
She is sublime.—She seems a curtained gloom
Connecting heaven and earth—a threatening sign of doom.
With more than natural height reared in the sky,
'Tis then St. Paul's arrests the wandering eye ;
The lower parts in swathing mist concealed,
The higher through some half-spent shower revealed,
So far from earth removed that, well I trow,
Did not its form man's artful structure show,
It might some lofty Alpine peak be deemed,
The eagle's haunt with cave and crevice seamed.
Stretched wide on either hand a rugged screen,
In lurid dimness nearer streets are seen,
Like shores and billows of a tumbled main,
Arrested in their rage. Through drizzling rain
Cataracts of tawny sheen pour from the skies.

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Black furnace-smokes in curling columns rise,
And many-tinted vapours slowly pass
O'er the wide draping of that pictured mass.

So shines by day this grand imperial town :
And when o'er all the night's black stole is thrown,
The distant traveller does with wonder mark
Her luminous canopy athwart the dark,
Cast up from myriads of lamps that shine
Along her streets in many a starry line :—
He wondering looks from many a distant road,
And thinks the northern streamers are abroad.
What hollow sound is that ? approaching near,
The roar of many wheels breaks on his ear.
It is the flood of human life in motion,
It is the voice of a tempestuous ocean.
With sad but pleasing awe his soul is filled,
Scarce heaves his breast, and all within is stilled,
As many thoughts and feelings cross his mind,—
Thoughts, mingled, melancholy, undefined,
Of restless, reckless man, and years gone by,
And Time fast wending to Eternity."

We have not been able to ascertain the date of the composition or the publication of this poem. It probably did not exist in 1823, or Joanna Baillie would have included it in the collection of fugitive pieces from her own and other pens which she edited in that year for the benefit of a friend, and in which Miss Fanshawe's famous enigma on the letter H was first published. It must have been printed, however, before 1845, being included in that year in an anthology called "The Gift Book of Poetry," which does not profess to contain any original matter. It may be compared, not wholly to its advantage, with a more celebrated description, Carlyle's picture of the panorama unfolded from Coleridge's window at Highgate. One point of contrast is noticeable. Joanna Baillie, to whom Hampstead is entirely familiar, finds

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nothing to say about it ; her gaze is entirely fixed upon the distant spectacle of London. Carlyle, who visited Highgate as a stranger, finds it more interesting than the London he knew. Not until he has dwelt lovingly on "wide sweep of flowery leafy gardens, their few houses mostly hidden, their very chimney-pots veiled under blossomy umbrage," the "waving blooming country of the brightest green ; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves ; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum," does he let us see how "behind all swam, under olive-tinted haze, the illimitable liminary ocean of London." Carlyle's picture accordingly has what Joanna Baillie's lacks, a foreground, and the effect is more artistic.





Some Hampstead Monentities.

BY HENRY WOODD NEVINSON.



HAMPSTEAD is so rich in fame, that the *Annual* can never want for its record. In climbing the High Street, it is pleasant to think that everybody one meets is probably celebrated, and every yard is haunted by memories of genius and learning. Such associations are the inner soul of place. Yet in bygone times people of no celebrity at all have dwelt even in Hampstead, and from the days when the road to London ran through fields and trees, I myself can recall glimpses of men and women who have now vanished from the hill, and left not a name, not a newspaper article, behind. As a companion picture to the *Annual's* views of old Hampstead as it was, may I try to revive for a moment the forgotten actors in one characteristic scene, which has already become as obliterated and irrevocable as the Wells when George III. was King, or the Church Row of last year?

To me coming up from the country as a child to my grandfather's house in Hampstead, one event in the day's routine always seemed specially distinctive. It was as essential as the peculiar smell of the house itself—that fragrant mixture of flowers, spices, resin, and I don't

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what besides. I mean the event of family prayers, so different from our rites at home, and so much more alarming. For with us the head of the family performed the worship throughout, but at my grandfather's they "read round," so that even the youngest and feeblest was compelled to take a terrifying share. At half-past eight the butler clanged a great brass bell where it might be heard through bedrooms, gardens, and fields, and I have known feminine "grown-ups" shed real tears when they were late for that bell's warning. Into the long dining-room the sons and daughters of the house entered by one door, and when they were ranged on chairs around the breakfast china, the lower door opened, admitting the retainers in file according to rank, the housekeeper first, the butler last, like the non-commissioned officers acting as guides to a company on parade. All took their seats, the women on chairs, the men on a green baize covered bench, and the ceremony began.

Let us imagine it a morning in the middle sixties. For though my grandfather lived to a good age, perhaps he was never quite at his best after eighty-five. In appearance he had a notable look of Scott, but his only connection with literature was a large sum he had once paid a publisher for bringing out a posthumous work by some evangelical relation. The book was in several volumes, and was called "Lives of Eminent Christians." The tie of blood compelled all the family to read it, but to us it was even more dreary than "The Family Sepulchre," a series of deathbed scenes, which was one of the few "Sunday books" we were allowed to open on the Lord's Day. But indeed in all literature our family standard would now be thought rigid. It is true I once heard my grandfather recite the "Meeting of the Waters" after the two o'clock dinner with great pleasure

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and tenderness, but everyone looked at the dessert plates as though wondering what was coming next. No poem of Byron's was allowed in the house, and for the poet himself he felt a regretful detestation as a lost soul from Britain's aristocracy. And I have been told of a sterner and more practical criticism still. Once when my aunts were young (incredible time!) he conducted them all—I suppose to the old Pump Room in Well Walk—to hear Joanna Baillie recite one of her “Plays of the Passions.” I don't know which passion was the drama's theme, but the very title ought to have been warning enough. In the midst of the recitation he rose, and to the word of command, “My dears, this is no fit place for you!” he led his four daughters out in file from the dubious haunt of culture back to their home's security, leaving the astonished poetess to express what passions she pleased. Alas! what mortal would espy danger in Joanna Baillie now?

A violent evangelical by conviction, he remained an unflinching Tory owing to an ancestor's reputed service to King Charles. Next to the Pope of Rome he probably hated Gladstone most of human things, and I well remember once after prayers how, springing up from his knees and holding the *Times* instead of the Bible in his hand, he exclaimed to the assembled household, “The Lords have saved England! The Lords have saved England again! I always knew they would.” Whereat everyone was much gratified, and in the kitchen the servants all said with pride that master had been right as usual. As an emblem of his politics and position, he always wore a tall hat, even in the garden, and he went shooting in it upon the moors in his native Yorkshire. For he was a great sportsman, and travelled north every August with his setters and pointers, well



View of the Lake of Geneva from the Hotel de Ville, 1840. The lake is seen from the Hotel de Ville, 1840. The lake is seen from the Hotel de Ville, 1840. The lake is seen from the Hotel de Ville, 1840.

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content if he could bag a few brace after each long day's toiling behind the dogs. On the walls of the dining rooms hung pictures of one or two favourite horses, still kept in service though long past their work. And side by side with the horses were comfortable portraits of himself and my grandmother in middle-aged prosperity. In other rooms were crayon drawings of my aunts, with long white necks like gentle swans, and wavy "ringlets" surrounding the innocently smiling heads. It never even occurred to me that my aunts once really looked like that. To me they were but relics of the dark abysmal ages before I was born—coeval, let us say, with Stonehenge—beings whose natural destiny it was to distribute shillings and discuss the various ailments of myself and my cousins. Yet the portraits were said to be their "very image," and indeed my aunts were younger then than I am now. They would sometimes stand together around the piano, and after prolonged selection of a key-note, they would sing "Phyllis is my only joy," or "Tell me, shepherds, have you seen my Flora pass this way?" One of them could sing both first and second. But then my mother used to tell me that that aunt had always been the clever one.

To return to the scene of worship round the breakfast table. If a clergyman were present, he was expected to occupy the green leather arm-chair at the top of the assembly, to read the first verse, and when the chapter was finished, to supply a moral commentary out of his own head. Or if the eldest son was staying in the house, he took the place of honor because he was a Member of Parliament. But he was not bound to give his own commentary; and in the ordinary way my grandfather, being only a layman and a merchant, never trusted himself beyond the printed limits of a last

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century divine, who must have written something commonplace or unintelligible on every chapter in the Bible. For we read the books straight through, omitting only the genealogies, the Levitical law, the indecent passages, and the Psalms ; and that commentary never failed.

When my grandfather had finished his verse, which he read in a deep full voice, calling up to my mind the Day of Judgment, the next senior member of the family took up the tale. With a little calculation I could fix which lines would come to me and spell them out beforehand. I have no doubt now that others did the same, but at the time I never supposed that anyone else could be so wicked. If the worse came to the worst, and I stuck helplessly at a word, my grandfather would suddenly throw in the due correction, making me jump with shame, though the maids used to tell me afterwards I was a very pretty little reader, by which I know now they only meant I had light wavy hair. My turn safely over, I could settle down to listen to the mistakes of others with the relief of him who has swum to land. As a rule the servants came next below me, the interval between two tall windows naturally separating them from the family. At their head sat the housekeeper ; whether maid or widow no one ever asked, but of human things she seemed the most maidenly. She read her verse in a thin and fugitive voice like the wind among reeds. A delicate curl just shook at each temple, and on her head fluttered the supersensual essence of a cap. Her home was the "store-room," pleasantest room in all the house, for the air was laden with the smell of dried fruits and coffee and nutmegs, and one could climb on the top of the cupboards. There she would read us pleasant tales from the *Sunday at Home*—"The Gospel in Cæsar's

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Household" was her best—but to herself she always read the Marriage Service.

Second to her in rank came Jane the cook, the gentle giantess of the estate. She had entered the family as a child, had been taught her letters by the "young ladies," had grown fat on happiness and faithful work through an indefinite age, and only left at last for a misery of marriage. Huge as she was, she could only send the tiniest whisper of a voice across the room, and it was generally during her verse that the critical moment of the worship came. For the old coachman, being very deaf at the best, and not hearing a sound of any kind whilst Jane was reading, always thought the time had come for him to begin. So far he had been following the verses with his enormous finger on a principle of average which never worked out right. But now with a deep, harsh voice, like a raven's croak, he would break in upon the giantess's gasping whisper, repeating some Biblical truth which we had passed a stage or two before. On one side the scullery-maid would tug his coat-sleeve, on the other the gardener stamped on his toes; but, outside the stable, all the old man's senses lay very deep down and worked but slowly, so that he had generally toiled through two or three lines before he could be brought to stand. We all looked a little uneasy, but from first to last I never saw a smile on anyone's face.

The "maids" were naturally a more variable class than the older retainers. As a rule there were perhaps five or six of them, but only one remains distinctly in my mind. For it so happened I was present at two scenes in her career. Soon after she came, my grandfather told her, as a householder should, that he could forgive breakages, if only they were confessed. For a moment she stood hesitating on the edge of the Turkey carpet,

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and then all in one breath she gave some such list as this: "Please, sir, I've broke two cups and five saucers and a bed-room jug and a wine bottle and a big pie dish and a little pie dish." Then she paused, conscious of rectitude, but with apron half-raised in deprecation. When she was gone, my grandfather only said: "That seems to be an honest girl." But in the second scene, her apron covered her face. It was wet in semi-transparent patches, and things were said which I did not understand.

Among the old male retinue my terror was old Forbes, the gardener, who sat next below the deaf coachman. Into this world of misery he had come, and whilst here it was his destiny to make it blossom like the rose. That destiny he fulfilled, but no trace of satisfaction was ever seen upon his brown and crabbed face. On the lawns or in the hot-houses he labored from morn till eve, always with the same rapt look, as one occupied with the depths of eternity that lurked below the garden-beds. Year after year he wore an old Scotch cap with a check border and no tails. That was his standard, his battleflag, a quite unnecessary emblem of his superior nationality, marking him out as one of the elect in a heathen land. I am quite sure he would have shed his blood for any of the family with sour but unhesitating self-sacrifice. Otherwise he seemed to despise all men and women about equally, reserving a special detestation for us children. Yet perhaps it was rather indifference than contempt with which he regarded mankind, as beings whirling to their own place, and in their brief passage conspiring to spoil his gardens by their carnal appetites. To them at times perhaps he extended a fellow mortal's pity. But in children he saw nothing but living examples of original sin. Born in sin and

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children of wrath we undoubtedly were, and our predestination was all on one side. In us he only beheld brands meet for the burning, and even when I was set to help him by weeding a gravel path with a rusty oyster-knife, he neglected that corner of the garden for a week rather than look at me. I never heard him speak to any of the other retainers, and except for his verse in the morning he spent whole days in absolute silence. Of all his duties the hardest must have been to allot and label the various gooseberry bushes granted every spring to the "maids" for their special delight. A woman in the garden reminded him of the first sin, and from the days of Paradise certainly no better gardener, however much thwarted by woman, toiled at the earth under which he was to lie. He read his verse with harsh emphasis, like the grating of unoiled machinery. Every sentence of the Bible was to him a word from the Book of Seven Seals, and he would have converted the Song of Solomon itself into a condemnation of the material universe.

Next him sat Charlie, the carpenter, who commanded the long wood-shed and the glories of the saw-pit, in the depths of which it was easy with a few rough logs to build old Crusoe's hut or an Indian wigwam, or such a fort as mutinous sepoy never could storm. So Charlie was my friend and hero, till one evil day he found me flat beside the pond, fishing out newts with my boot for net. It was part of his labor to clean the family's boots, and I think he never spoke to me again. Long afterwards I dimly remember hearing that he vanished into Canadian forests with his brother Jem—a sterner man, who controlled the cows and other bisons, and drove them up to milk.

Others came—young Sam, the coachman's son, who used to wash the tears off my face with his handkerchief,

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licking it first, when I cut my finger in weeding—and others again whom I can hardly recall, except in fever. Last came, and first did go, the model butler, most polite and alert of men, always unruffled, with duty always fulfilled before the mere shadow of command had risen on his master's face. His eye was like a spaniel's, ever on the watch, and for all the world he had a smile and a kindly word. Nurses and housemaids alike adored him, and many a time did they stand calling the higher powers to witness their admiration as he tossed me up to the pantry ceiling. I do not forget the feelings of awe, as at the opening of a sudden abyss, when I heard it whispered one morning that he had been found drunk upon his bedroom floor, dressed, and with the lamp still burning. So ruin came, first slowly, then more fast, till one day my mother sorrowfully told us that the best of servants had died in a ditch.

When the disjointed reading was finished, all books were shut, and the commentary was listened to with minds vacant and at rest. That over, we turned round to kneel, amid a feminine rustle of silk from my aunts and stiff cotton from the maids. With faces pressed to the backs or seats of the chairs, we waited while a long prayer was read. Then all broke into "Our Father" with a mixture of basses and trebles, that I was once beaten for calling "the general roar." In that repetition the deaf coachman went his own pace, and was generally left finishing "for ever and ever" after the blessing had been given. We rose, and there was a pause while the servants demurely left the room. It was the established custom for one of the elder members then to make a leading remark so as to bridge the gulf between the eternities and the breakfast-table. If the Member of Parliament was there, the remark was expected to be

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political. Otherwise it usually turned on a missionary meeting, the weather, or the abominations of "the Tractarians," who in my mind were intimately connected with the fires of Smithfield as depicted in a terrific "Book of Martyrs," the only really interesting volume in my grandfather's library.

It is a scene, as I said, from a vanished past. Except a few middle-aged children now scattered far and wide through the world, nearly all who witnessed it have already gone. In a few years the Christian feudalism which gave it character will seem as remote as the Crusades. In a few years no one will remember the look of that furniture or the sweet and separate smell of each room. The house itself is doomed. The prairies, the desert islands, the enchanted caves and forests of its gardens and fields are now to be divided into plots for residential villas and flats, which not even a child's imagination can ever fill with cannibals or fairies of the green. And that is why for a moment I recall it from the abyss of time, whilst our ship, leaving Teneriffe upon the left, is plunging ever southward through the hot air towards the line, and before us already unknown constellations are rising over Africa; but the Bear has not yet quite vanished in our wake.





A Little Love Song.

From a Garden Play.

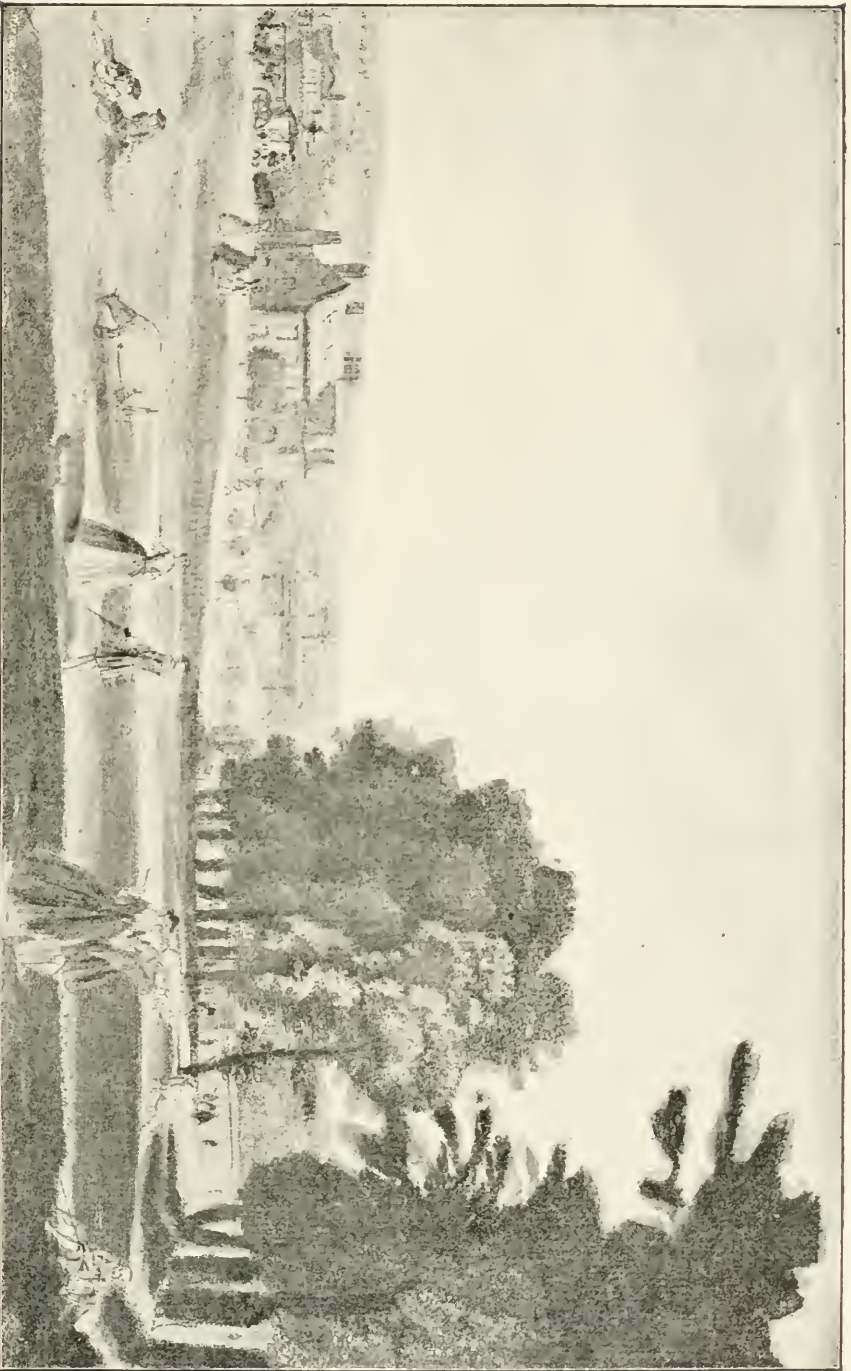
BY MAUDE E. KING.

Time was, I thought my heart was free
When, like a bird from tree to tree
Or pleasant hedgerow hostelry,
And thence to some sky ecstasy
 Flitted the silly random thing,
 With many a hurt to song and wing,
And had, for aught that I could see,
Small profit of its liberty !

Then by my Love, my Master came,
And like a moth into a flame,
And like a maid to happy shame,
I turned, unheeding praise or blame.
 And gave him, when he claimed me whole,
 My happy body, happy soul !

Now blest in bonds yet free as air,
My captive heart goes everywhere ;
Little it fears and less doth care
For loves and lovelings once held fair,
 But ever like a homing dove
 It seeks one Dear, one Heart, one Love,
Nor can nor will escape the snare
That God Himself made ready there.

Ah ! was there ever heart more free
Than mine in its captivity ?



HAMSTEAD GREEN AND POND STREET, 1752.



Our Farm.

BY ARTHUR WAUGH.

WE call it "our" farm, as though we held it with proprietary rights; but, when we come to facts, it must be confessed that it is only ours for, at the longest, one month out of the twelve. With September we sweep down upon it—a clattering cavalcade, with bulging impedimenta in the shape of shapeless hessian bundles—the sort of luggage that no ordinary man can travel with and preserve his self-respect—with bicycles, portmanteaux, and the tamer hat box of Piccadilly. Then for a month it is ours from barton to haystack, and so dear has it grown with association that I think it positively hurts us to remember that during the remaining eleven months other sojourners are privileged to call it theirs; that other hands feed the young ducks who have borne our own nicknames four weeks; other feet tread the massive floor of the oak-lined parlour, and other eyes feast upon the blue horizon of hill and wood, behind which we have so often watched the sun go slowly down. Yes: we are pilgrims and sojourners in our farm; it is no continuing city; and yet in the land of fancy—which is perhaps the truer country

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after all—it is ours, not only for the four mellow weeks of our tenancy, but for month upon month of fog and glistening pavement, when imagination breaks free of the lamplight and roaring traffic, and is at peace again among the fern and gorse of Buckingham. And so in a sense it is always “our” farm, and that fortitude of possession is every point and angle of the law.

It lies not more than twenty miles from London—this land of Beulah—half an hour’s railway journey will set you in the busiest quarters of the city; and yet it is buried in an immemorial quiet. Four miles of shady lanes, haunted by rabbit and pheasant, separate it from the nearest railway station, and many a white sign post with its feet plunged in bracken must the wayfarer consult before he finds his way to us. There is a space of common with a winding road across it (long may it escape the speculator in brick and mortar!), a country house or two hidden behind a shady drive, a climbing hill, set with trees like a tunnel, and harbouring the north-east wind on a chilly evening. And then the farm itself shows red and yellow among its elms and oaks, and even the newest comer feels a sense of homeliness, as the retriever barks him welcome from behind the high, black gate that shuts the yard off from the lane. For the farm has all the comfort of age; and oh! how comfortable age can be. Your young houses, even the mansions of the millionaires in Park Lane, have always a sense of restlessness and novelty; like David’s armour, they are unproven. You seldom associate them with the sentiment of hearth and home; but “our” farm was a mansion in the fifteenth century: its timbers have resounded to the song of the Royalists: in the village below the hill Milton sheltered from plague: the sober figure of Thomas Ellwood has been seen upon the water-meadow:

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William Penn himself found rest from travel in its purlieus. And just outside the gate stretches a great fir-avenue that has its ghost, prattled of but never seen : the whole countryside is full of visions, not crude and gibbering goblins to frighten children, but calm, sedate spirits of the past, moving easefully across their field of asphodel, inseparable from the homes that are still so dear to them.

And this is one of the great charms of "our" farm, the chief of its wonderful secrets—that you may bring to it the most modern, conventional Londoner, and show him the old timbered front of it, and—you need not talk to him any more—the inspiration of the place comes home to him, to each in his own way, but to all with the same ultimate effect of silence. Everyone feels that the farm is hallowed ground. Of the many visitors who hold it for the rest of the year we know nothing: indeed, it would be difficult to meet them: the sense of divided proprietorship would go far to interfere with friendliness! But we are sure that they feel as we do; that, for them too, the place is more eloquent of history than many chapters of Macaulay, more persuasive even than Froude, and that some of them are dreaming, even now as I write, of the infinite comfort of that low, oak-panelled parlour with its leaded panes, and the filtering sunlight that streams across its angles. In that, at least, one must have a large, if unknown, brotherhood.

But above all things the farm is a farm, and brings us into communion, not only with the dead, but with the living. How prodigal, indeed, is Nature to those who have the time and the peace to give to her! On a ripe September morning, when the silver-grey haze is slowly mellowing to orange in the elm-trees, one may lie quiet on the grass, and Nature will speak to one from every

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leaf and blossom in the tangled garden. I think it must be something more than accident that led us first to the farm in early autumn: at least, I am sure that no other season would ever bring us so closely into harmony with it now. Spring is the boy's season, full of hopes and opening suggestions of life and activity: summer is for the careless, rapid traveller, who needs all the hours of the day to cover his many miles of wonderland: but for the man who needs rest and mature reflection give me the milder tints and atmosphere of autumn, and above all, autumn at the farm. No longer too hot for exercise, nor yet too cold for the life of the open air, autumn is the season for manhood, the season of the sickle and the harvest. There was a harvest festival this year in the village; perhaps we never felt the sentiment of the hour with sympathy before. Certainly in that gray church, still significant of the Normans, now decked with wheat-sheaf and grape, yellowing creeper and nodding barley, the rough and obvious harvest hymn seemed to take on an entirely new significance. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Strange life of ripening and decay! the glorious immortality of the fields needed not even Wordsworth—no, not even him! to the perfection of its lesson.

There is another aspect of farm life that is perhaps even more eloquent to the country-lover: I mean the perpetual succession of animal life that stirs and beats about the barnyard. It is no bad test of a man's character whether he is fond of animals or no. Men who are cruel to men will, it is true, be kind to a dumb beast; and even the lowest of his sort, as Dickens reminds us in Bill Sikes, may enjoy the unfaltering fidelity of such a

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companion. But, roughly speaking, no man who loves animals is altogether bad : no man who is constitutionally averse from them is altogether human. Perhaps, in the farmyard, where the type is so peculiarly stable, and the example so transitory, we get most keenly of all the feeling of almost pitiful sacrifice of animal life to the needs of the higher creature. In the farmyard the ducks returning from the pond to be fed regularly at sunset are no longer an indistinguishable herd ; in a day or two each is recognised by some peculiarity of plumage, and the favourites are chosen to receive the tit-bits of the feast. Then one morning there is a smothered " quack," a beating of helpless wings, a commotion among the rest of the flock, and when next we feed them, Dilly the King is missing, and Drake, his son, reigns in his stead. If I were master of a farm, I could not kill the animals. I believe I should prefer to follow Mr. Bernard Shaw. Yes, I am sure I should become a vegetarian.

And yet the farm should not make one sentimental : strength and almost pagan simplicity are the essence of its life. The labourer returning with the shadows : the heavy horses tramping unled each to his own rude box : everything speaks of work and of the sacrifice of the individual. Come to think of it, how false, how cramping, how detestable a creed is Individualism. The voice of nature is altogether against it.

"Leaf out of leaf is in the way of the land : wave out of wave
of the sea ;
And who can tell what lives may live in the lives we bid to be?"

From its calm, gray morning to its calm, gray evening, through all the ordered, even activity of its day, the life of the farm is above all things the life of the world, and the life of the world is the life of the

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multitude. The invisible spirits of the past that move about the fields, the fruit and flower that clothe their hedgerows, the crowding life that comes and goes upon their bosom—all these things preach, as it were, the gospel of perpetuity. The race endures: the individual passes. Life must be always for the race.

When last I watched the sun go down upon the farm, I leaned over the gate into the yard, and at my feet was a little child, playing with the seeds that the fowls had left among the pebbles. He looked up as he heard me, with that faraway, yet intimate glance of confidence that childhood is so ready to bestow where once it has bestowed love. We understood each other; and if then I thought further than he, the day will come when his thoughts will go further than mine. The forces of the future are with the coming generation. That is the lesson of “our farm.”





The Disadvantages of Hampstead.

BY ROBERT F. HORTON.



LEWIS Carrol once wrote a book in several chapters, and as many styles, on the Belfry of Christ Church (Oxford), the Belfry which—as those who like the present writer were undergraduates five-and-twenty years ago must remember—was a square wooden box, not unlike a meat-safe. One of the chapters of the book was entitled “Architectural Beauties of the Belfry ;” and the chapter consisted of two words, “Its simplicity.” The following chapter was entitled, “Other Architectural Beauties of the Belfry.” And the chapter consisted of three words : “It has none.”

If, on the same principle, I were to write a book on Hampstead, I should assuredly include two chapters as follows : “The Disadvantages of Hampstead”—“It is a suburb.” And again, “Other Disadvantages of Hampstead”—“It has none.”

And yet because the disadvantages are only *one*, let it not be supposed that the one is either small or other than manifold. For a suburb is a kind of nightmare. It is neither town nor country ; it is neither

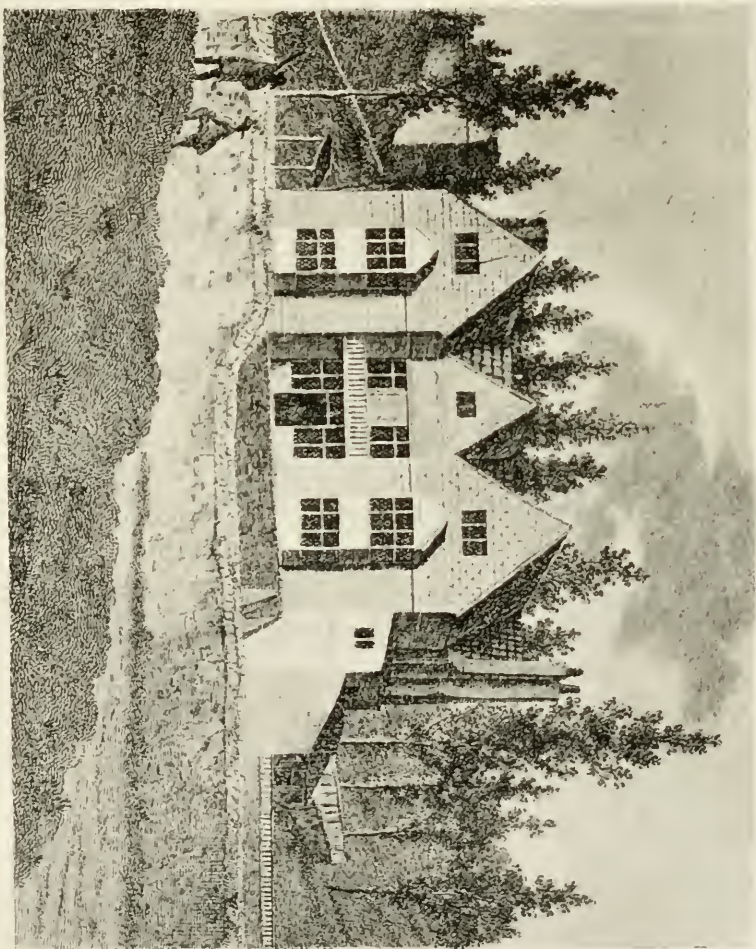
The Disadvantages of Hampstead.

village nor city. Poe, in his description of the creatures that inhabit the church towers, sang :

The people, O the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither beast nor human,
They are ghouls.

The words may be applied to a suburb. It is a ghoul ; whatever that may mean. It is among places what a ghoul appears to be among men. It is neither beast nor human. No, I cannot say it is beast ; but I am sure it is not *human*. What it is, may be realised by this reflection. Urban is that which belongs to an *urbs* or city ; and as the city polishes our manners and refines our thoughts, urban, as applied to the inhabitants of the city, becomes urbane. But what does suburban become? Or if to save it from its metallic tang we complete the word according to the analogy, what is meant by "sub-urbane"? Does it mean an urbanity which is always kept under the surface, a grace which is as good as invisible? I could look at those words, suburban and suburbane, until they seem as inhuman, as terrible, as the Martians whom Mr. Wells saw fallen from Mars.

A suburb is not a city, a town, a village, or even a hamlet. It is merely a space covered with rows of houses. The people in those houses have no relation with one another, social or spiritual. If they were packed, at nights, in dreary catacombs, silent and unmoved, side by side, they could not be less in touch with one another. Whether they are tucked in a catacomb on this side of the Thames or in a similar catacomb on the other side of the Thames, it makes no difference to them or to any one. Without a word or a sign, after a year or two,



VIEW OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

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they will change catacombs ; no one will notice it except the butcher, the baker, and the milkman ; and the only concern of the butcher, the baker, and the milkman with them is, to get the custom of their successors. Who shall say that beings tucked for the night in isolated, and if not sub-terranean, yet sub-urban, catacombs, are human beings?

In these galleries of the dead, living side by side, there are persons of great distinction, men of literature, men of science, artists, shopkeepers, whose names ring through the world. I even recollect a quiet gentleman (not in Hampstead) who drove his brougham, and paid his bills, and was constant at the Parish Church, who turned out to be a hangman. But no one knows these worthies. Possibly in the clubs, or the House of Commons, or on 'Change, they know each other. Here they have burrowed and are unknown. Not one in ten could tell you what the word neighbour means. One of them, on a quiet Sunday morning, was once asked if he knew the Fourth Commandment, and he replied with an effort : "Six days shall thy neighbour do all that thou hast to do." Neighbour, in this locality—a suburban neighbour—is the unknown person to whom you leave the unknown duties of the unknown place in which you think you live. When this suburb was engaged in the most important duty that it has to perform, the election of its Guardians, the men who administer the rates of the "haves" and are responsible for the existence of the "have-nots" ; when therefore the whole social and religious conscience of the suburb was awake and it was asking itself how it could properly discharge its duty to the helpless and forlorn, I was making my way to the polling-station to record my vote. I saw just before me a friend of

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mine, with his wife, going in the same direction. Suddenly I was elated with a feeling of the corporate life of the suburb. Here was my friend, a busy man, a man, as I knew, of real benevolence, a citizen, as I now believed, awake to his duties, going, his wife on his arm, to discharge the chief social duty of the suburb. I greeted him with some enthusiasm. "Coming to vote?" I said. "To vote?" he asked in blank amazement, "What do you mean?" "This is the polling station for the election of Guardians of the Poor." "Thank heaven," he exclaimed devoutly, "I know nothing about it, and never voted for these local affairs in my life. I was going to see my mother who is ill." That is suburbanity. The Roman mother taught her sons to feel it a duty, better even than filial devotion, to serve the Republic. In the great days of Venice, the government of the little city on the piles stirred the blood of every citizen to the heroic pitch. Great manhood is after all only great citizenship. For if we are not, as Aristotle would have said, Urban Animals, citizens, members one of another in a rational community, we are mere creatures of the catacombs. My friend thanked heaven for his shame. To have avoided and repudiated his duty was in his eyes a great distinction. Filial piety was to him a virtue; civic piety, a vice. That is suburbanity.

The suburb is dead while it lives. It is a deserted village, occupied by tramps from the neighbouring city, whom the police do not like to move on, and need not, because in a night or two they will move on to the next suburb of themselves.

It is thought that in 1901 we shall find that our suburb contains about sixty thousand inhabitants. Athens contained, at the height of her glory, twenty

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thousand citizens. The dim multitude of slaves one must, in each case, ignore. I reckon that, man for man, we have as many citizens as Athens; and, man for man, they are as good or better. How comes it that the Athenian community was wreathed with beauty and genius and glory, and passing, left her architecture to be the wonder of all time, her sculpture to be an unapproachable model of perfection, her literature to be at once the starting-point and the goal of the literature of a continent? It was simply that she was a city, a community. This suburb might do the same, if, instead of being a suburb, she too were a living community.

But it may be plausibly maintained that many of the inhabitants of a suburb are citizens of the great City, or even Citizens of the World. It would be entertaining to take a census from house to house, accompanied by an examination to discover how many suburbans were in any intelligible sense urbane. We should find no doubt a certain small proportion, perhaps one in a hundred, who was conscious of the citizenship of London as a social and spiritual fact. This one per cent. will be Members of Parliament, or County Councillors, or Socialists, or merchants on a large scale. They are aware that London is the greatest community in the world; they feel that the Government of London, the Council duly elected by its citizens, ought to be the most honorable and the most responsible body under Parliament; they mix in the great movements which have their headquarters in London; they work in a strenuous and self-sacrificing way for the great community to which they are proud to belong. These few, a mere handful, we may permit to rest in the suburb from their urban labours, and we may even congratulate

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ourselves on having such men, and so many, among us. But they are very few ; how few may be gathered from this single fact, that I was once canvassed by a candidate for the County Council—I will refrain from saying whether he got in or not—and he asked for my support, though we might differ concerning imperial politics, on the singular ground that it hardly mattered what opinions County Councillors held on such high subjects, as their business was merely to “mend the roads, attend to the drainage, and such like.” There is your suburban sublimated—there is the penalty which comes upon a country that develops suburbanity. The paltry parochialism of thought is carried into the mighty council of the greatest city in the world—a council compared with which the Council of Ten at Venice were insignificant. The mean ways of a vestry, and the backstairs, and a drink all round, are thrust up into the Government of a City and into the Counsels of Parliament.

Still, let us gratefully acknowledge that there are in a suburb, some, however few, real citizens of London. Let us agree to discharge them of local duties and interests in consideration of their part in forming the life of the City.

And there are no doubt some among us, who are not so much citizens of London, as citizens of the World. The thinkers, and investigators, and writers of books that everyone reads ; the editors and leader-writers of great papers ; travellers whose sojourns among us are mere respites from world-wandering ; these may be excused for sheltering themselves under the covert of suburbanity. They justify their existence in another sphere. Let them be respectfully let alone. Possibly they would be better in every way if they found time to be citizens of the place in which they live, as well as citizens of the

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world. That noble thinker, the late Prof. T. H. Green, held it part of his neo-Hegelianism to descend into the arena of town politics, and to serve on the Oxford Municipal Council. And it is a moot point whether even the highest services in Literature, Art, or Science, exempt a man from civic claims, just as it is certain that they do not exempt him from religious duties. But we will let this pass. We are content to leave unmolested the whole number—there may be five thousand in the suburb—who are in any sense Citizens of London or Citizens of the World. They are the sacred few, the Brahmins of the neighbourhood with the thread on their necks. But the rest—what of the rest? These are people who if they lived in a genuine community would be useful and happy, forming a public life, enjoying the respect and gratitude of their fellow citizens. Feeling a keen interest in others and in one another, they would be the object of keen interest themselves. And our lives are rich and true in proportion to the variety and complexity of the ganglia of interests in them. They would labour for the good of the town, support its institutions, serve on its public bodies. They would be the friends—if also the patrons—of the poor. Frequently on great occasions they would unite, men of all creeds and parties, in noble common causes. These are the things which make *men*, men who are the strength of a great country. But our unhappy suburbans, what is their position? They are camped out in these catacombs which surround London, merely that they may suck out of the great city as much enjoyment as they can. London is the place where the theatres cluster, where entertainments and excitements never cease; it is the place for endless shopping, for securing the best of everything, Therefore they love London; they cling to

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it in the suburb as limpets cling to a rock, or as vampires to their victim. They suck out the life blood of the city for their own enjoyment. Its vast poverty, and dulness, and debauchery—its squalid slums—its “No. 5 John Street’s,” are the skin and husks of which they have taken the fruit and the kernel. They have their own relatives and friends: that is all they have. They claim the rights of the community, but they do it no service, And unnourished by all the wholesome food which makes the grit of manhood and the sweetness of womanhood, viz., the social life of citizens in a community of service and mutual interest, unconsciously they dwindle and wither away. Suburbans are the most insignificant of human creatures. A village blacksmith is more of a personage; a town crier has more corporate life; the craftsmen or guildsmen of the middle ages were in personal development better than they. It is impossible to imagine anything less distinguished or distinguishable than the suburban.

Ground in yonder social mill,
We rub each other’s angles down,
And lose, he said, in form and gloss
The picturesque of man and man.

Individuality is no doubt there, but it is lost in the cell of the catacomb. All these men might be men, but they are laid out in their loculi, and lie unobserved in the lanes and alleys of the dead.

It would be beside the mark to enquire whether there is any cure for suburbanity. Probably it is like the smoke of London, and must be accepted as an incident of the great city’s growth. Perhaps an individual may fight against it, as individuals live in

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spite of London fogs ; but the evil as a whole cannot be alleviated.

And yet the present writer sometimes, fresh from contact with the life of some living and stirring community, in which men are made because they live as citizens, each for all and all for each, coming back to this beautiful and interesting place, which contains at its centre the Well which once brought people together in a life like that of Bath or Harrogate, cannot but dream dreams of what Hampstead might be, if it ceased from suburbanity and became a community like Athens, or like Venice, or like Ghent. I see the suburb still a district of the great city, and occupied by those who are bound to spend their time and earn their money in the city and not in their homes. But Hampstead has become conscious of itself, as a little hamlet, swollen by the course of time into a town of the second dimension. It differs from an ordinary town of the same size in this respect, that a much larger proportion of its inhabitants are cultivated and refined people, so that it can come nearer to simulating Athens or Venice than Halifax or Wolverhampton could dream of doing. Indeed the high culture of its inhabitants gives a tone to all the corporate life. I see its buildings regulated by the highest architectural taste which exists in its midst ; so that like Eastbourne under a great landlord, Hampstead under its own self-government, rejects all that is vulgar and debasing, and demands all that is refined and elevating, in the structure of its buildings, in laying out its roads and in the preservation of its public places. I see in place of the endless rows of pretentious private residences, noble piles of public buildings, colonnades, porticoes, fountains which fall into marble basins filled with curious and beautiful fish. I see a loggia filled

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with noble sculpture, and beautiful friezes on the architraves of stately buildings. These are the assembly rooms of citizens who have some leisure for the cultivation of the beautiful. There is a Poikile Stoa where men walk in free converse of a summer evening, discoursing about the great questions of the world and of life. Barrel organs and German bands, those pathetic provisions of desperation for a population which must have music, are not necessary, because the greatest composers are systematically rendered in the free halls of the city by the best performers that can be procured.

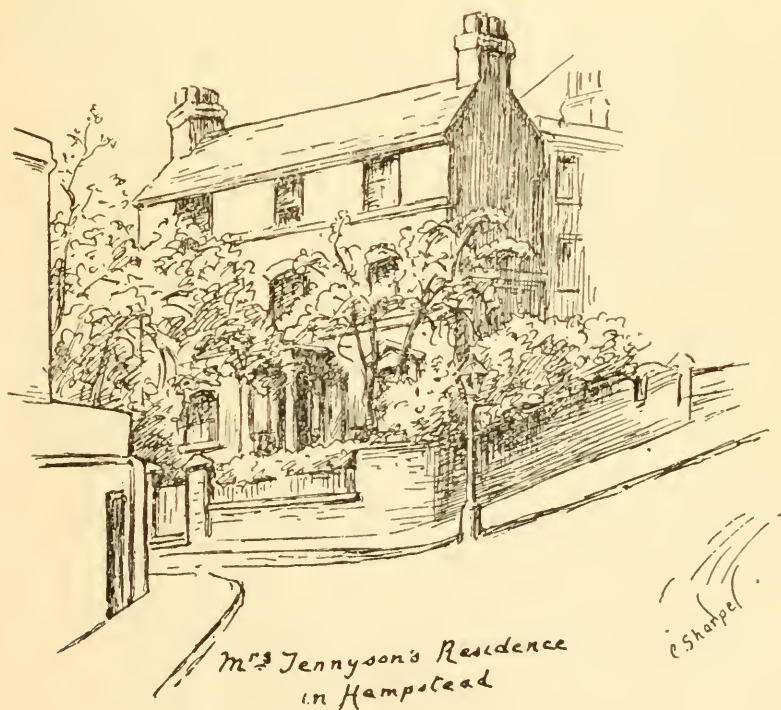
I see, as the years pass, that each citizen of Hampstead desires nothing better than to contribute something to the permanent beauty and serviceableness of his town. The old Greek word *Leitourgia*, which has sunk into our liturgy, is restored, and men count it an honour to hold a public post, and to spend their wealth in the public service. The public buildings are decorated with the masterpieces of local artists, just as the Palazzo Pubblico at Siena is still rich with the faded wisdom and religion of Ambrogio Lorenzetti, Taddeo Bartoli, and Sodoma.

This citizenship of Hampstead becomes a regenerating influence on London. Here the city of culture and refinement gives back what it has gained to the city of toil and night. The weary inhabitants of London pour out on holidays, not to drink beer, squirt scent, play Aunt Sally, and leave cart loads of paper, victuals, and broken glass on the Heath ; but to draw in from their own City of Art, reared and maintained by their own more fortunate citizens, the elevating joys which we derive from a visit to Italy. I hear far down the ages the reverent mention of the Hampstead School

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—which is the title given to the men who turned the suburb, the ignoble retreat of selfishness, into the City of Beauty and Joy.

But I must remember these are dreams. They cannot be realised, because suburbans have no *point d'appui*, no meeting point or rallying ground, where they can begin their own reformation. Mere dreams, or the stuff which dreams are made of. And yet, in this sad world, as in Joseph's prison, I am not sure if our best occupation is not to tell the dreams that have come to us, in hours of insight, or when the sleep of God has fallen upon us.





Song of the Palanquin Bearers.

BY SAROJINI NAIDU.

Lightly, O lightly, we bear her along,
She sways like a flower in the wind of our song,
She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,
She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.
Gaily, O gaily, we glide and we sing,
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

Softly, O softly, we bear her along,
She hangs like a star in the dew of our song,
She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide,
She falls like a tear from the eye of a bride.
Lightly, O lightly, we glide and we sing,
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

Hyderabad, *September*, 1899.



Margaret Gillies.

BY CANON AINGER.



MISS Margaret Gillies, for many years of Church Row, Hampstead, was the daughter of Mr. William Gillies, a member of a Forfarshire family, who had settled in London as a corn-merchant, where his children were born. William Gillies had more than one brother of distinction: one, Adam, an advocate, becoming in due course Lord Gillies, a Scotch judge of considerable eminence. William Gillies was himself a man of culture, a collector of books and articles of *vertu*, of very varied tastes and accomplishments, but unfortunately for his worldly prospects, with no great aptitude for commerce. Two daughters were born to William and Charlotte Gillies Mary and Margaret, whose fortunes were to be closely allied until the death of the elder, Mary, in 1870. The sisters were born in Throgmorton Street, in the City of London, Mary in 1800, and Margaret in 1803.

Their mother, Charlotte Bonner, of a Welsh family, beautiful in face as in character, and the tenderest of wives and mothers, was of consumptive habit, and when Margaret was little more than three years old, was sent for health to Lisbon, with the little daughter as her

Margaret Gillies,

companion. Margaret in her old age could faintly remember the gardens and orange groves, and how there was an earthquake (Lisbon was notable for these upheavals); and a young man who gave her a silver cross and a medallion in memory of it. The mother and child returned to England in the spring of 1807. The mother survived till the summer of 1811. She died in August of that year, her parting charge to Mary, then eleven years old, being, "Take care of little Maggie"—a trust faithfully fulfilled till the death of the elder sister in 1870.

Very shortly after Mrs. Gillies's death, the children were taken by their father and governess to the former's old home in Brechin, where his two unmarried sisters resided, who devotedly watched over them during their father's frequent absences on business. At a period before 1819, but of uncertain date, the Brechin life came to an end, and the girls were then taken into the house of their uncle, Lord Gillies, at Edinburgh. In this cultivating and stimulating atmosphere, the talents of the sisters rapidly developed. It was a brilliant and happy time. Their education went on apace, Margaret showing a marked talent for both music and drawing. They also met the distinguished men of letters, and of the legal profession in Edinburgh, including Walter Scott, Erskine, and Jeffrey. But through all this period the sisters were cherishing the hope that as soon as their father should have retrieved his fortunes—for business had been unprofitable for years—they would return and once more make their home with him. And the resolve so to do seems to have been precipitated by a wish on the part of their uncle that Margaret should accept an offer of marriage which had been made to her, but where she could not return the attachment. Lord Gillies seems

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to have taken her refusal much to heart, and to have shown so much displeasure, that after a somewhat stormy interview between uncle and niece, the latter, after consulting with her sister, resolved to take the long-looked-for step, and return to their father in London. The uncle and aunt were touched, however, by the decision of the two nieces, which was based entirely on their strong sense of duty, and the old friendly relations were never again disturbed.

It was in 1819 that Mary and Margaret Gillies were once more with their father, Mary taking the head of his house. Their brother, Robert, who had been sent to Charterhouse by his uncle, Lord Gillies, was a frequent visitor, and all for a time passed happily and pleasantly enough. But a change came over the situation when the father, on one of his visits to Scotland, announced that he was bringing home a bride, in the person of one Miss Clementina Carnegie, a sister of the wife of Lord Gillies. The two daughters seem to have been prepared to welcome their step-mother with all duty and affection, but difficulties soon arose. The new wife was lame and of feeble health. Mary Gillies always maintained that she thought her father was moved to the marriage by "pity and chivalry." The lady was of an old Scotch family, an Unitarian by religion, and with opinions on on many subjects very remote from those among which the two daughters had grown up.

There are many dates wanting in the history of the Gillies family, and in consequence much uncertainty as to the precise period when Mary and Margaret, doubtless finding life more and more impossible under the new conditions of their father's home, resolved to make a home for themselves and cultivate the talents with which they felt themselves endowed. Margaret's pro-

Margaret Gillies.

posal to become a professional painter was clearly not at first acceptable to her relatives. But, as on a former occasion, the honourableness of the motive, and the desire to be no longer a burden on their father, did not fail in the end to win the respect of his brother the judge.

The opening years of Margaret Gillies's career as an artist are veiled in much obscurity. It is understood that she began by painting miniatures, and that she had lessons in the art from Frederick Cruickshank. According to a Royal Academy catalogue of 1832, the sisters' residence was 3, Bayswater Hill, and Margaret's contribution to that year's exhibition was two portraits of "A Lady" and "Mr. Robert Gillies." In the years that follow, the address given is Montagu Street, Bryanston Square. As the years pass, more portraits appear each year in the catalogues, with Margaret's name attached to them. Persons of note begin to figure among them. Mr. Horne, author of "Orion," in 1837; and in 1839, Helen Faucit as Julie de Mortemar (in "Richelieu"), and Macready as the Cardinal. In the same year also appears a painting on ivory of Leigh Hunt, of which *The Art Union Journal* of that year speaks as being "as capital a work, and as striking a likeness as we have ever seen." It becomes evident that Miss Gillies's reputation as a miniature painter was growing, and notably in the circle of poets and artists.

In 1840, she visited the Wordsworths, at Rydal Mount, for the purpose of painting a miniature of the poet, commissioned by Moon, the fine art publisher, for purposes of engraving. The mezzotint by MacInnes duly appeared in August of the following year, and was characterised by the critic in the *Athenæum* as "unusually happy in the likeness." The first portrait taken so pleased the Wordsworths, that they commissioned a

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replica of it, with a portrait of Mrs. Wordsworth by her husband's side. Wordsworth writes to his friend, Thomas Powell, "I think you will be delighted by a profile picture on ivory, with which Miss Gillies is at this moment engaged," and Mr. Powell, in a poem published in the following year, "On a portrait of Wordsworth painted by Miss Margaret Gillies," writes :

" Here I seem to gaze
On Wordsworth's honoured face ; for in the cells
Of those deep eyes Thought like a prophet dwells,
And round those drooping lips Song like a murmur strays

Miss Gillies's connection with the Wordsworth family was one of the most interesting in her life. She painted no less than five portraits of the poet, two of them including Mrs. Wordsworth, and she also painted that of Dora Wordsworth, possibly on the same occasion. If so, Dora was then the young bride of Edward Quillinan, whom she had married on the 11th of May, in the same year. This portrait is finely engraved in the "Memoirs of Wordsworth," by his nephew, published in 1851.

Lovers of the poetry of Wordsworth will recall these sonnets in which the name of Margaret Gillies is embalmed. Two of these, written in the year (whether 1840 or 1841) in which Margaret Gillies was a visitor at Rydal Mount, are entitled, one, "To a Painter," and the other a sequel to it, headed simply, "On the same subject." The subject is the portrait of Mrs. Wordsworth, added at the poet's request to the replica of his own made on the same occasion. Mrs. Wordsworth was of course, as will be remembered, of an age approaching her husband's, and he was seventy in that year. I make no apology for citing them here. These tributes to his

Margaret Gillies.

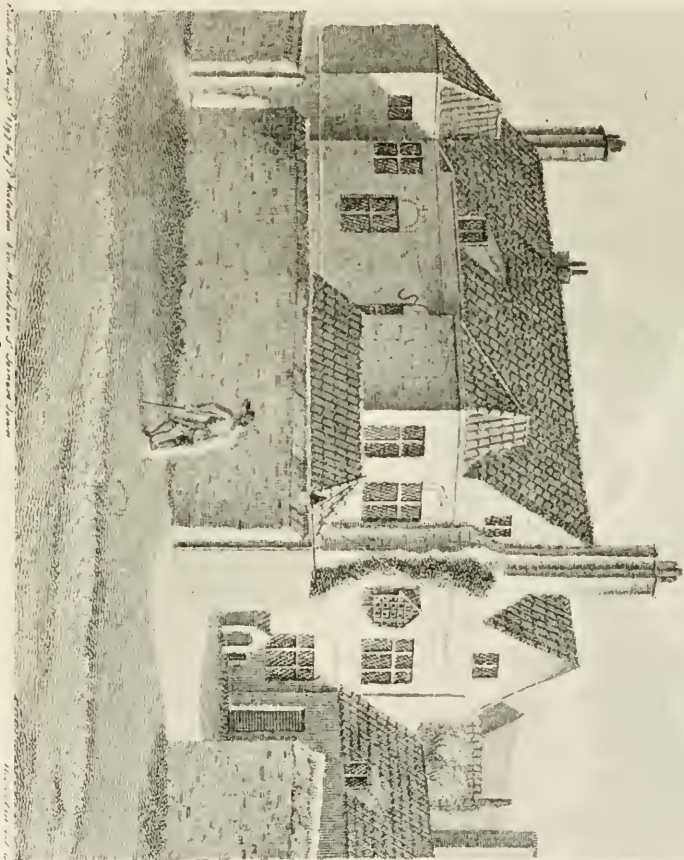
wife in her age form a beautiful sequel to the immortal lyrics in which he had portrayed her in her youth. The first is as follows :—

All praise the likeness by thy skill portrayed,
But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
By the habitual light of memory see
Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,
And smiles that from their birthplace ne'er shall flee
Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be—
And seeing this, own nothing in its stead.
Could'st thou go back into far-distant years,
Or share with me, fond thought ! that inward eye,
Then, and then only, Painter, could thy Art
The visual powers of Nature satisfy,
Which hold, whate'er to common sight appears,
Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

And then follows, after a manner very characteristic of the poet, his re-cantation, or rather his humble substitution of that truer frame of mind which became his, as he gazed longer upon the portrait :—

Though I beheld at first with blank surprise
This Work, I now have gazed on it so long
I see its truth with unreluctant eyes ;
O, my Belovéd ! I have done thee wrong,—
Conscious of blessedness, but whence it sprung
Ever too heedless, as I now perceive ;
Morn into noon did pass, noon unto eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome and as beautiful—in sooth
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy :
Thanks to thy virtues ; to the eternal youth
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy ;
To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast
Into one vision, future, present, past.

There can be little doubt that the introduction of Margaret Gillies to the Wordsworth family and the



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*View of the Chicken House, the building, corner of the
 CHICKEN HOUSE
 HAMPSHIRE.*

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success of the portraits painted during her visit, brought her into wider repute, and led to her being commissioned to take portraits of many well-known personages in letters and art. Among these were Dickens, Leigh Hunt, Miss Martineau, the Howitts, Hans Christian Andersen, Etty, Eastlake, and Mulready.

Meantime the second Mrs. Gillies had died in the year 1835, and Mr. Gillies then went to live with his two daughters. Their father, however, married a third time in 1836, and took a house near them in Montagu Street. In 1842, Gertrude Hill, the little grand-daughter of their intimate and valued friend Dr. Southwood Smith, was adopted by the two sisters, and lived with them until her marriage in 1865, with Mr. Charles Lewes, and for many years afterwards. Mr. and Mrs. Lewes continued to share their home with them at Hampstead until 1878.

Margaret Gillies continued her work chiefly as a painter of miniatures for some years after her visit to the Wordsworths. But the demand for this style of portrait gradually declined. It was at its lowest ebb about the years 1849 and 1850, and these were perhaps the most anxious years of her professional life. For a short time she painted portraits, and subject pictures in oil, and in 1851 resided for some time in Paris, in order to study under the eminent French painters, Ary and Henri Scheffer. In 1852, she was elected an Associate of the old Society of Painters in Water Colours, to which she continued to contribute almost to the end of her life. She now devoted herself almost entirely to subject-pictures, choosing mainly, as one of her biographers has phrased it, "domestic, romantic, and sentimental" themes, in her treatment of which she soon attained a considerable reputation. Many of her earlier pictures were engraved, "Past and Future" in 1855, "The

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Heavens are Telling " in 1856. Shakespeare, Spenser, and Bunyan, provided her with many of her themes, as also the old pathetic ballads of her country. The art critic of the *Times*, noticing her picture of "Auld Robin Grey" in 1854, writes of "an intensity of grief in the face" of the heroine of the story as "indicating real genius in the artist." *The Art Journal*, *The Spectator*, and other reviews of equal standing during the years that follow, are no less enthusiastic in their praise. The tenderness and sweetness of the artist's own temperament as reflected in the imaginative treatment of her subjects are the qualities they all alike dwell upon.

Her *technique* is not unfrequently criticised, and it is certain that she had never enjoyed the advantage of a systematic training. She had indeed worked hard, but on her own lines. She had eagerly sought the best models, and had studied them and copied them, but with the exception of some lessons in miniature painting, and her few months in Paris under the Scheffers, she had had no regular guidance in her art. It was in her own ardent love of the beautiful, and her unwearied struggle after a standard she saw it was not within her means to attain, that the attractiveness of her art lay. She was ever striving, and always daunted by a sense of failure. In one of her letters of 1855, now lying before me, she writes: "It has been a very hard year, and as I looked at my poor pictures after they were all in their frames yesterday evening, they seemed to me to be the troubled result of all the troubled attention I was alone able to give them. My painting is such a true epitome of myself, all the bad and the good in me exactly there. I feel something like remorse as I look at them—the faults I know so well, still uncorrected, the feebleness, the want of self-reliance, the rashness and the impatience which

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spoil them, spoil me. But I must try and do better this year." And she did "do better" that year, and for many a year after—for the effort and the aspiration were never wanting.

The period between this year, 1855 and 1861 was the most successful of her artistic career. She found ready purchasers for her pictures, and gathered round her troops of friends. Up to 1854, the sisters had lived for ten years at Highgate. In 1854, they resided at "The Pines," Weybridge, with the family of Dr. Southwood Smith, Margaret keeping on her studio in Southampton Street, Fitzroy Square. Mary Gillies had meanwhile made for herself a considerable reputation as a writer of stories for children, under the *sobriquet* of "Harriet Myrtle." In 1861 (after a winter spent in Florence) the sisters returned to Weybridge for a short time, Dr. Southwood Smith having died during their stay at Florence, in December, 1862, and finally established themselves at 25, Church Row, Hampstead, which remained their home until the death of the elder sister in 1870, and where Margaret remained, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lewes, and afterwards alone, until her death in 1887.

It was during this period, about the year 1878, that the present writer first made the acquaintance of Margaret Gillies, which soon ripened into a very intimate friendship. She was then about seventy-five years of age; her artistic life, at least on its professional side, was all but over, though she still worked at times in her studio, and was as keenly interested as ever in the things of art, and in its prosperity. But she was no less interested in the world of literature, and loved to listen afresh to the poems of her old friend, William Wordsworth, and to those of one she no less loved, his successor, Alfred Tennyson. She was indeed, to look upon,

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a beautiful specimen of old age. The photograph which accompanies this article, from a painting by her niece, now Mrs. Horace Field, may fail to convey the more characteristic phases of her countenance, because the expression is somewhat sad, and the head being partly in profile brings back no memory of the full round face, and the eyes radiant with kindness and affection, which many will recall as its main charm twenty years since. It was a countenance indeed full of "sweet records"—of much happiness doubtless, but mingled with sorrows and disappointments borne with steadfast patience and hopefulness, and with "the cheerful faith that all which we behold is full of blessings." Passionately devoted to children, she found fullest scope and reward for her affection in the little daughters of her own adopted child, Mrs. Charles Lewes, who were never absent from her for long.

Of the sweet and profoundly religious nature of Margaret Gillies I could add much, did not one shrink from intrusion on the dearer secrets of the human heart, as well as from discussing any religious influences from outside that for awhile brought her perplexity in matters of Christian theology. I would rather dwell upon the beauty of her character and the constancy of her religious trust which kept her ever faithful to the truths she had learned, and on her confidence in the Divine love which would one day make all things clear when she should see no longer through a glass darkly.

Margaret Gillies died on the 20th of July, 1887, at the beautiful hamlet of Crockham Hill, in Kent, and was laid to rest in the village churchyard.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," is Campbell's somewhat shallow sentiment, so dear to those who love to deck a Memorial Tribute with a verse. It

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were far truer to say that to live in *influence* that we leave behind, is not to die. Art is an ever progressive and developing power, and compared with the greater masters who have lived and died since the days when Margaret Gillies touched the hearts of her public, her actual achievement may seem not great. It certainly formed no intention of the present writer to prove the contrary. But the task of shewing how, in a period when social prejudice frowned upon any gentlewoman who sought a life of noble independence in the pursuit of a noble art, one such could adorn her calling and leave an example of character, not merely unspoiled but raised in beauty and dignity through such a calling, was an achievement of far greater worth, and in truth a possession for ever.

And Margaret Gillies will for ever have given fresh interest to Church Row, Hampstead, in the fact that she was one of that group of artists, poets, and thinkers, who made so much of the charm of the first half of the century soon to close. She was in Edinburgh with Walter Scott—she held converse in their homes with the Poets of our English Lakes—she was on terms of intimacy with many of less note, but who are still household words to us, the critics and essayists and romancers of “sixty years since.” With some of the greatest of all these her name is for ever associated, and we might adapt a line from one of the famous epitaphs of old, and say :

“She had no foe—and Wordsworth was her friend.”





Against This End.

A True Story of Devonshire Superstition.

BY H. C. O'NEILL, AUTHOR OF "DEVONSHIRE IDYLS,"
"TOLD IN THE DIMPSIES," ETC.



IVEN in Devonshire we have to say good-bye to our friends! Beautiful as are its fair hills and downs, sweet scented and restful as its coombes lie at our feet, they cannot stay the traveller from passing onwards. When the call comes its inhabitants obey it, and go just as willingly—or as unwillingly—as the dwellers in other and less favoured spots.

Yesterday I sat on the gravestone that bore the name and covered the memory of a friend. A very old, and a very dear friend. The stone was very old too, for it was put there when the first of more than a dozen members of the family yielded up his breath over a hundred years ago. Great-grandmother and grandfather, uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, lay there, and when dear Mr. Jeremiah gave up life in this world and started on his quest of the eternal city, his cast body was borne from a distance to fill the last nook remaining in the family vault.

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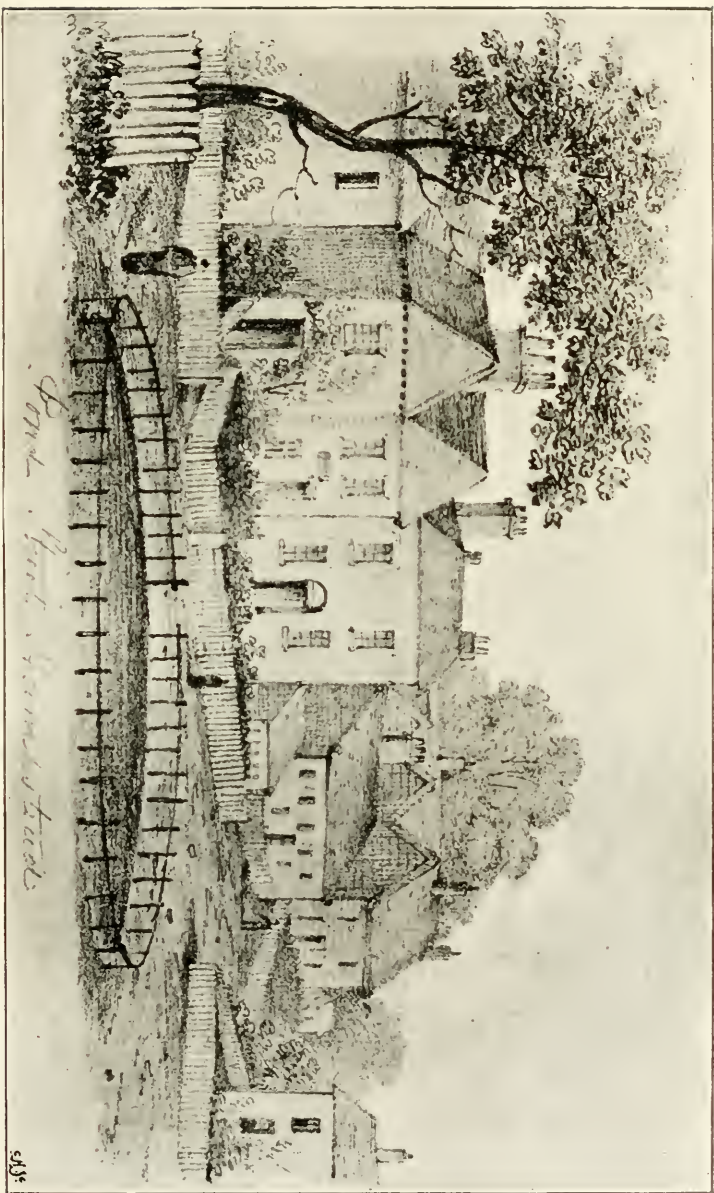
In the old church where he had been christened, where he had said his prayers and his catechism as a boy, and where his father and mother had been married, he lay the night before his burial ; and the stars looked in through the moss-grown windows, but they could not see his face because of the oaken lid to the coffin which covered it close.

The ivy tapped against the small leaded panes as the October winds rose and fell, but Mr. Jeremiah was out of hearing, and the breezes could only whisper to one another in the dark. Man sets up for being very wise, and also very knowing—or as the present generation calls it, very scientific. But for all that man has not yet found out what the breezes say to one another, or what the stars say to us. Which is surprising when one considers how long the human race has existed on this planet, and that it is for ever scraping facts together, and drawing inferences and putting “letters after its name” to signify how much it has learnt. Perhaps Mr. Jeremiah knows now, though he carried no letters except those which spelt “yeoman.” I can fancy that Death opened his ears. Indeed, I think he began to hear news from the inner world before he left this one. And I fancy I can see him as he sat listening and waiting for the call to be up and off.

Mr. Jeremiah had lived to be well over eighty years old, and no one can pass all that length of time on such a convulsive planet as this which we call “the world,” or “mother earth,” without knowing what trouble means. Even quiet, home-biding, steady, phlegmatic Dutchmen have to fight their enemies and struggle with the ocean as the world spins round on her poles. And Mr. Jeremiah’s blood ran quicker, and was of a more highly vitalized nature than that of a Hollander. He had

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French blood in his veins for one thing, and then it was mixed with that of the best English sort. The Yeoman sort, which for centuries of years, for generation after generation, has sniffed the scent of freshly-turned soil at sunrise ; has garnered red ears of wheat when the sunlight was strong, and has fed on the game that ran wild on the dewy nights and was swift of foot and clean of fur. Therefore he had a keen intellect, a quick step, a ready tongue, as well as a temper with ups and downs in it. Sometimes he made trouble ; sometimes trouble overtook him unawares. But even with both hands full of prickles, and a back bowed to the burden, he carried himself as a man and a Christian. And like that he died. Bad health he had for fifty years before his end came, and often the doctors told him that he would "go out like the snuff of a candle" if he worked so hard. "Then let me go," he would answer, "a man who is not fit to work is not fit to live." And so he continued to load the hay, and ride to hounds, and carry a gun year after year ; and if he fell down exhausted, as he often did in the middle of a busy day, he would just lie on the ground where he fell, and wait patiently till he could stand on his feet again and make his tracks for home. And the doctors told his wife, "You will certainly be a widow very soon, Mrs. Jeremiah, if he goes on like this. Don't let him out of your sight, for he will die in one of these attacks." And Mrs. Jeremiah answered, "How can I hinder him ; for he is a masterful man." And in that she spoke truly. So he went on "leading the corn" and "loading the hay," and riding any sort of horse, and jumping any sort of fence, and living the same sort of quick, bright, impulsive life that his fathers had done before him ; and he snapped his fingers at the doctors. When he died last autumn he was an old man, and he



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had outlived both his doctors and his wife. But for all that they were right in one way, for he died in one moment of the heart complaint which had been his bosom friend for fifty years.

"I want a breath of air," said Mr. Jeremiah at the age of eighty-three; and he rose up and went out to the house door. But as he put his foot on the threshold he fell; and so he stepped from one world into another. And they sent for a strange nurse to close those clear blue eyes and straighten those active limbs, for he died at an inn where no one knew who he was. "Whoever he may be, and wherever he came from, he's had loving hands to care for him," said she to the doctor. "Look how careful his nails are cut, and his hair is like spun silver, and his skin like the skin of a newly washed child?"

But that was Mr. Jeremiah's own forethought, his folks told me, when I went to see his grave; and I think, as I said before, his ears must have been listening for the call when it came. "Grandpa had been so odd all the last week," they remembered, "washing, and combing, and brushing every day." "I must be clean," said he when we laughed at him and called him vain in his old age. "But grandpa, you'll catch your death of cold dipping your head into a pail of water like that." "Nonsense child, we old folks are tough; now-a-days people are afraid of a little water. Here quick with the scissors and trim my hair." And the old man shook his head in the sunlight like a terrier out of a pond. And Matty shook her head too; but hers was a shake of doubt and apprehension as to what all this washing might mean. And a shiver passed over her as she said under her breath, "*It's against his end.*"

I smiled when I was told of all this as I sat on his

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tombstone ; for I recalled how years ago Mrs. Jeremiah used to trim his hair when Sacrament Sunday came round ; and I pleased myself by fancying that perhaps he had had a message from her which no one else was aware of to get himself ready to meet her after their ten years' separation, and that they would go hand in hand together into the presence of God. "He's like a child," she would often say to me in the old time ; "you have to look after him and tell him to brush his hair and put on a clean collar." Doubtless she told him now, or sent a message by some one. We don't know exactly how messages come from the other world, do we ? As a child I have watched when the sun was setting in the western sea, and fancied that when its golden ball touched the waves the gates of the unseen paradise would spring open ; and that, if only for a second, I should hear the whispers of the blessed ones safe beyond the surf and roar of the sea. But no ; the shafts of light beamed gently on the waters, and the sun sank in silence.

I have gone out on June nights when the glowworms lay thick on the scented fern and beds of thyme, and putting my ear to the grass, have listened for the message which might come, I hoped, from the under world. But none reached my ear. The mole burrowed silently, the moth told his fellow 'of things I knew not, in a voice I understood not ; and the pulses of the "quaker grass" were too finely strung for mine to vibrate in unison. Mr. Jeremiah never heard anything in those days either, and he would laugh at me finely for listening. He never even so much as heard a grasshopper chirping in the meadow, though I used to beg of him to try. "Stuff and nonsense, Miss Annie," he would say, "why do we call 'em dumb creatures but

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because they can't speak? If you want a message from another world, read your Bible."

Mr. Jeremiah was very fond of reading his Bible, and when he got to be an old man he took to reading his Prayer Book also, they told me. For the last year or two he read seven or eight hours every day, though his sight was feeble, and he often had to stop and rest his eyes. And when he could not see to read at all, he would go down on his knees and pray. "Where's grandpa?" someone would ask, not liking to lose sight of the old man with his failing strength, and then another child would run and look in the porch or the garden, to find him in the little back parlour where no one sat, or upstairs by his own bedside, with feeble knees bent, and his old hands covering his face, as he held commune with the unseen realities.

"Grandpa felt his troubles a great deal," they told me—and no wonder. They were heavy and hard, especially in the last years of his life when the strength to bear, and the courage to meet them seemed gone.

Another time he would be found sitting out in the porch; and it must have been a sweet and peaceful sight to see him there, for the door was covered with clematis and roses, and a fly-catcher built her nest every year there; and the nest was of woven grass and soft moss, and it formed an item in the background which threw up his silver hair, and made it shine like a halo round his head. Saints are pictured with such a halo—but this was no saint, only an old farmer, tired with a long life's work, and resting a bit before the end.

Fly-catchers are timid birds, very different from the friendly robin or the bold sparrow, and yet the old man sat so still on the threshold that they flew in and out, close to his head, without a sign of fear; and fed their

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young and twittered and flapped their wings as they darted at a gnat which buzzed round. And the old prayer book with its stained leaves fluttered to the beating of their rapid flight.

The cow mooed in the meadow at the back of the house when the hour of milking came on. The chickens squeaked and wandered sprawling fashion amongst the beds of geranium when their food was all done, and hunger not appeased; the village children whooped as they hurried out of afternoon school, and the church tower gleamed in the summer sunshine as Mr. Jeremiah sat there and waited for his call. Was it hard for him to sit and wait, I wonder? I think myself that very likely he was glad to have done with a troublesome world, and to feel its shackles loosening. Ploughing and sowing, breeding sheep and selling wool, attending markets and fairs, talking politics, and putting out sons into the world take up a good deal of time in a farmer's life, and if such matters do not interest him it would be very bad indeed for England, to say nothing of Devonshire. He had been keenly interested in all, and had done the best he knew how. But when one is eighty and past, one does not care very much whether wool sells for sixpence or sixteen pence a pound, nor whether the Liberals are in or the Home Rulers blatant. The parables of life have been read. The allegory has been lived through. What is the meaning of it all—do I know my lesson? is now the question. And the old man sat in the porch and pondered over the past.

I daresay he felt lonely. When one's wife and children, brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins are all gone, it is a little sad. Things are so different to what they were sixty or seventy years ago. The standards of morals and pleasure are all shifted, and

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the grandchildren are a new generation with other motives and aims. But the sunlight is still cheerful, the grass is still growing—the grass that will presently cover your feet, and the sunlight that will shine on the headstone of your grave! As the heats of summer gave way to the clear coolness of autumn the failing strength of the old man revived; he would often walk down into the village, chatting with one and another, and sometimes ride or drive into the town four miles distant.

Slowly, very slowly he came down the broad oaken staircase one morning. His face shone. Was it from the reflection of the rising sun that peeped through the staircase window? Was it the radiance of a mind content—a soul that was peeping out through the chinks in the walls of the “dark cottage, battered and decayed”—a soul already on tip-toe for departure?

It might have been also that he was so amused and pleased by the vagaries of a robin that fluttered about his steps, perching on the balusters, cocking his eye with a sort of comic impudence as he watched the old man's feeble steps, as much as to say, “Small tho' I am, I can get along better than you, old fellow,” which, if uncivil, was also true. At last the sprite pitched on his shoulder—the shoulder of his best black velveteen coat, his church-going attire—and broke into a jubilant, if slightly impertinent song. And then Mr. Jeremiah laughed aloud. But Matty, who opened the living-room door at that moment, said, “O Grandpa!” and nearly let the teapot she was carrying fall out of her hand.

I know what scared Matty and so did her mother, for she said quickly, “Don't be silly, child, open the house door and let it out.”

Robins are very friendly birds, and as long as they keep their place, which is in the garden, they are

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welcome to fly about as much as they please. But when they come indoors we know they only come to bring bad news. However, no one would have dared hint at such a thing in Mr. Jeremiah's presence. All old superstitions were laughed to scorn by him. "Give him some breakfast, Matty," he cried cheerfully, "he's kept me company all night; you must have shut him into my room when you closed the windows." But the messenger of evil, with his scarlet waistcoat and saucy eye, fled through the open door on strong wings and was no more seen.

"Why have you got on your Sunday coat, grandpa?" said another child, looking up with big blue eyes wide open, from her plate of fried potatoes which had hitherto claimed all her attention.

"I'm going into Ashtown," said he; "be quick and finish your breakfast, little maid, and run out and stop the coach for me."

"But, grandpa!" began the mother anxiously.

"But me no buts, I've business to attend to." And they could not gainsay him. No one ever could, for the matter of that. Mr. Jeremiah had always been a masterful man, and such he remained to the last day of his life.

So off he went; his white hair glistening like spun silk, and his blue eyes twinkling as he thought of the women folks who wanted to keep him at home and "make a babby of me in my old age."

"I shan't be back to-night, likely," were his last words as he got into the coach. "I'm going to see——" But the coach drove off with Mr. Jeremiah inside, and no one caught the name.

It was almost the first time he had ever ridden *inside* anything in his life, I should think; and now it was merely out of respect to his best coat. "Velveteen

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shows the dust so," said Matty, as she gave him a final brush down in the porch. And he could not put on his old coat because he was going to see his lawyer and make a codicil to his will. There was some little item not quite settled to his mind.

It is not given to us mortals, I suppose, to finish all and everything we wish. Our call comes ; the messenger will not wait, and we have to go, ready or unready. And so this little matter of the codicil which lay on the old man's mind was left behind, and no one knew exactly what it was. He went to see a friend in the town first, but he did not talk of his affairs ; and then, since the appointment with the man of law was not till later, he turned in at the open door of a little wayside inn and sat down to rest. A slight meal was being served to some travellers, and he joined them. Little did he think that like the Israelites of old, he must eat it with his loins girded and his staff in his hand, ready to start on a long journey. And yet, perhaps he did know. How can we tell? "I want a breath of air," said Mr. Jeremiah ; but perhaps it really was that he heard his name called, and so he rose up and went to the door to meet the messenger. Anyhow he went—and he never came back.

The knife and fork lay idle on the white cloth. The bread was broken but not eaten. And the old man lay across the threshold with his silver hair glistening in the sunshine ; and the rose leaves on the bush by the door, touched by last night's frost, fluttered down and settled on his breast and his white hands.

And so where but five minutes before there were all the noises of busy, common-place, everyday life, the chatter of guests, the tripping steps of the landlady, the clatter of plates, and the voice of the landlord calling to the hostlers, there was now the

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hush of death and an awed silence waiting for the doctor.

But what could a doctor do when he came? Mr. Jeremiah was not ill, he had simply *gone away*. He had just stepped over the threshold of this life into another world ; obeying the unseen messenger's call. There was no pulse left for the man of science to feel. No voice to answer questions as to how he felt, or where the pain was. There was nothing for the nurse to do either. She could not bring him a cup of tea, or offer him smelling salts, or chafe his hands. She could but close the heavy lids over the dim blue eyes which stared up into the bright October sky ; she could only fold the worn and hard-worked hands as if in prayer over his breast, and by-and-by help to lay him in his coffin. And then he was carried away to the old church where he had worshipped as a boy, and there he lay sleeping in peace till everyone had got a black dress and proper hems of crape sewed on to it, so that they could come in decent gentility to lay him in his grave.

"When I saw the robin on grandpa's shoulder, it gave me quite a turn," said Matty. "Robins always bring bad luck, I knew it must be 'against his end.'" And the tears rolled down her cheeks, for she loved her old grandfather. And she stooped to lay a posey of late asters and some rosemary on the stone which covered the grave.

But *was* it bad news the robin brought? Can it be evil tidings that were chanted in such a cheerful voice, and which sparkled out of those twinkling black eyes?

For my part I think he took it as good news.

So he was laid with his father and his mother, and his brothers and sisters, and one stone covered them all. On this stone there were many names, and dates, and ages cut deep, but mostly filled with green moss or grey

A View of Hampstead Heath



Sold by C. Dury & Co in Aldermanbury Church Yard London.

Printed by W. D. 1786

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lichen ; and the name of Mr. Jeremiah, which was quite freshly graven, was the last of all. And below, at the very bottom of all, I read these words, which had been cut there more than a hundred-and-fifty years back : *"And so they enter the blessed gates, and dwell for ever together in the land of Peace."*

Did I shed tears too? Oh no! There is an end as well as a beginning to everything under the sun. Mr. Jeremiah doubtless entered this mortal life with a cry—I have heard he was a very fractious baby—but he left it with a smile on his lips, and his eyes wide open looking up into the bright blue sky as if they expected to see someone. Between the beginning and the end there was the heavy burden of the flesh to be carried, and the battle of the spirit to be fought. Long days of ploughing and sowing in cold and windy weather, and hard days of reaping and carrying under a sultry sun. There were duties to be faced, and troubles to be borne. Long nights of anxious watching by the deathbed of a wife, good-byes to dear friends, and even bitter tears to be shed and sins to be repented of. But it was all gone through with, it was the background of the picture now. A little bird had been sent to call him home. So he washed his face, and trimmed his hair, and turned his steps to the sunlight and—went.

Weep indeed! Not I. On the contrary, I smiled to myself as I sat on his tomb and looked away over the green hills and was aware of the glint of a shimmering sea beyond. I watched the sun go down in the west, felt, cool on my cheek, the breeze that comes with the evening star; and I knew that far away beyond the green waters and the golden sun, the home of the wind and the light of the planet, were the "blessed gates" that had opened to let Mr. Jeremiah in.



Passages from the Diary of an Amateur
Musician at Hampstead, in the
year 1800.

EDITED BY J. SPENCER CURWEN.

Not long since, a friend called my attention to a bundle of old books which, he said, had been found stored away in the corner of a garret in an old Hampstead house. You know the house, gentle reader: it is just round the corner, opposite the baker's, and bears evidence of having seen better days. One volume in the parcel arrested my attention. It was a small book bound in vellum. The pages were manuscript, and the writing, if faded, was in parts fairly legible. The inscription on the fly-leaf was "R.G., Hampstead, 1800," and I soon discovered that the book was a diary. Moreover, the nature of the entries showed that the author, whoever he or she may have been, was an amateur musician of no mean talent, moving in the best musical circles of the day. Some of the entries I have deciphered, and I give them

Passages from the Dairy of an Amateur Musician.

below, as they shed considerable light on the state of musical taste and feeling a hundred years ago, and are not wanting in local musical reference.

January 1. This night was introduced at the Assembly Rooms to a lady and gentleman who are lately from Vienna. They have come here to take the waters, and are staying in Green Man Lane. Both are music lovers, and in converse told me the story of Mozart's illness and death a few years ago. Irreparable loss! Yet both aver that one Van Beethoven, a rising composer of music in Vienna, will do great things. He has written a Sonata in E flat for the forte piano, which they warmly praise, and they showed me a song, "Adelaide," not long out, that I would fain hear. They say further that Van Beethoven is thinking of writing some symphonies. The music at the Assembly Rooms this night included a violin sonata of Corelli, Haydn's pretty canzonet "My mother bids me bind my hair," and a song from one of Handel's Italian operas.

February 4. Outside the "Bull and Bush" this morning, I stopped to listen to a ballad singer who was singing some new Scotch songs. He spake his words well, and fine words they were. When he ceased, I treated him, and he told me where he got the songs. His name, he said, was Japp, and he came from Dumfries, where the songs were written by one Robert Burns, not long dead. The three best that he sung were—to my thinking—"Auld Lang Syne," "Scots wha hae," and "O my love is like the red red rose." They are yet ringing in my ears. These songs will live in Scotland and I do not mistake.

Easter Day. Our Hampstead Church music is not very good. At the Parish Church it is true, there is

Passages from the Diary of an

an organ, but it is chiefly employed for long interludes and frivolous variations. At the ordinary Sunday services nearly everything is spoken. The morning and evening hymns are sung by the charity children, but the only other music is the long drawl of Tate and Brady's metrical psalms. When anyone dies we have "Vital Spark," and to-day we really had an Easter Anthem. At the Chapel on Red Lion Hill they sing a still older version of the Psalms, and a few of Dr. Isaac Watts' hymns.

March 25. Musical party at Mr. Bliss's. Present, members of Gardnor, Pilgrim, and Platt families, and Lady Willoughby. We all joined in glees. The programme was well chosen, and included "Here in cool grot," "Awake, Æolian Lyre," "Swiftly from the mountain's brow," and a new one, "Hail, smiling morn," which Reginald Spofforth not long since composed. Between the glees, the ladies played upon the harp and the guitar. How much in fashion these instruments are! There was a gentleman present who, I hear tell, plays beautifully on the German flute. I had hoped to hear him, but he was too drunk to play. The catch "Would you know my Celia's charms," most amusingly acted, was the last piece.

April 21. I write this night in Poland Street, where I am staying with cousin Richard. Came in by the Hampstead coach yesterday, so as to have a night's rest after the journey, and be prepared for the great enjoyment of hearing Haydn's new oratorio, "The Creation." I write in a tremor of feeling. The old anchorage seems giving way. The music swept through me and delighted me; yet I find myself asking where is the old classical style of Corelli, of Handel, of Gluck, of Mozart? 'Twill be some days before I find my

Amateur Musician at Hampstead in 1800.

bearings. Is this the music of the future? What will Crotch and Burney say to it?

April 23. My stay in London is prolonged. The Antient Concert happened to-day, so Richard bade me stay and go with him. The delight is a rare one. What rapture to a lover of music to listen to the choruses of Handel performed by a chorus of forty-four and a band of fifty! The effect was magnificent, and dwells in me. Handel, surely, is the *ne plus ultra* in music.

May 10. For myself I still am faithful to my harpsichord, but it almost seems as if the pianoforte were likely some day to supersede the older instrument. The hammers yield a stronger tone than the plucked quills, and with reluctance I shall have to make a change if I am to be in the fashion.

July 1. Made up a party to visit Marylebone Gardens. We started after dinner, about six o'clock—seven horses bearing nine people, for two ladies rode pillion. The faithful George led the way, and after we struck the Finchley Road the path was clear. How pretty the leafy alleys, the retired arbours, the fireworks, the gay crowd. Heard some right merry songs, "The Lass of Richmond Hill," Arne's "Where the bee sucks," some of Reeve's comic songs, with a few catches and glees. Knyvett led the glees; what a charming alto he has! Perhaps the prettiest song was called "Robin Adair," sung by a young tenor named Braham, whom I should like to hear again. The journey back was uneventful. George led the way carrying his blunderbuss, and we were not molested, though we passed some doubtful looking men near Belsize. We reached home at 2 a.m.

August 10. There is a rage for "Rule Britannia" in these days of wars and rumours of wars. It is sung

Passages from the Diary of an

everywhere, at concerts and theatres, and even played in church. With it goes "God save great George our King," the song that came up at time of the Scots' rebellion in '45. Heard both of these at the King's Theatre this night, for I have again journeyed to London.

August 11. In Brook Street, Hanover Square, to-day spoke to the old crossing sweeper who remembers Handel. It is forty years or more since he died, but the man had the crossing as a youth. My shilling loosed his tongue, and he told me some amusing stories of Handel's uncouth manners and day dreaming. Handel was always very good to him.

September 6. Another converse with my Vienna friends, who are still here. They described a new fashion of dance which the Viennese call *der Walzer*, a slow revolving gait which may come in here, though for my part I am content with the minuet, country dance, and quadrille. Most amusing was their account of gentlemen amateurs in Vienna who play upon the harpischord and pianoforte. How effeminate it seems! We shall have ladies playing upon the violin next.

October 2. There is no doubt that the Italian singing masters are the best. Therefore Sally, who is now at Miss Rich's Boarding School in Finsbury Square, shall learn of one—Mortellari, Giardini, or Motta. The Italian songs are the best for showing the voice.

November 8. As I was going past the Parish Church to-day I noticed that men were painting the iron-work of the gateway and railings. To my musical mind these always call up Handel. For it chanced that just when our new Parish Church was being built fifty years ago or more, the magnificent mansion of the Duke of Chandos, near Edgware, was being pulled down. And

Amateur Musician at Hampstead in 1800.

our churchwardens bought the gateway and railings belonging to the great house. Handel was organist to the Duke, and composed some music for his services, and every Sunday when he came to Canons he must have passed through this gate. I wonder if, a hundred years hence, anyone will remember this?

December 23. Last night on the rounds with a carolling party. We started at nine, with lanterns, a merry group. Called at many houses—Upper Flask House, Branch Hill Lodge, West End House, and then to North End. Much humour and sport, and as much mulled ale as we could carry. At West End, the Honble. Mrs. Walpole gave us a supper of steak pie and brawn. We were home by three o'clock this morning.

There are no further entries of musical interest. Who was "R.G."? Can the Hampstead Antiquarian Society discover?



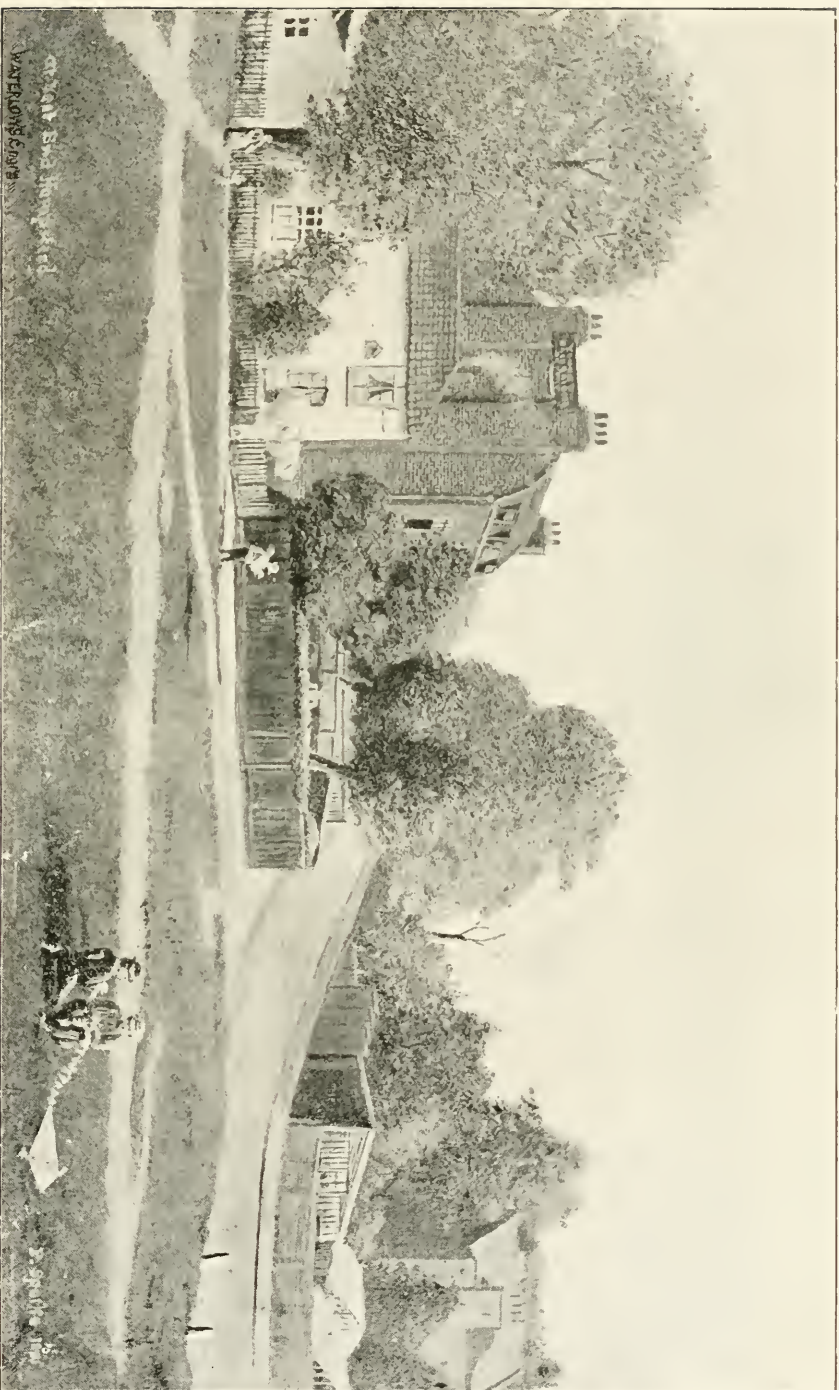


In the Chapel.

BY GREVILLE E. MATHESON.

It may be she will never know
That I have always loved her so ;
 Within these cloisters cold and grey,
 I think of her by night, by day,
Wearily pacing to and fro.

If she but knew ! When lights are low,
Amid the chanting hushed and slow,
 I kneel and think of her and say
 Her name for prayers—I cannot pray.
God knows, but will she ever know ?



THE "CLOCK AND HOOP," WEST END GREEN, IRL.



A Plea for Old Books.

BY JOHN DENNIS.



AMUEL Rogers, who, by the way, figured as a Hampstead beau at the end of the last century, said that when people recommended to him a new book he took up an old one instead. Was this prejudice? No doubt it has the appearance of it, but if it be so it is a fault that as life advances many book lovers are prone to share with the banker-poet. The present writer at all events must acknowledge a preference for familiar books which grows stronger with the years. Dr. Johnson used to say that a man should be careful to find new friends in the place of those whom he had lost—a feat even more difficult to achieve than the substitution of new books for those we have long lived with and loved. Half the joy of friendship is due to association, and to this also we owe much of our pleasure with regard to literature. A volume that has been read again and again under the trees in summer and by the fireside in winter is not lightly to be set aside for a new comer. Is there for example any youthful novelist of our day that can compete with the delightful tediousness of Richardson or

A Plea for Old Books.

with the higher and healthier pleasure to be gained from Walter Scott and Jane Austen? Is there any living poet who can be to an elderly lover of poetry what Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, and Coleridge have been?

It is generally a mistake to venture on a new home or a new style of living in old age, and the man who has lived a long life among books and bestowed on some of them his best affections, finds it just as unseasonable to roam in fresh woods and pastures. To do this demands a youthfulness of spirit, a comprehensiveness of intellect not given to the ordinary bibliophile. His narrowness of outlook may probably mark him as a Philistine, but he belongs to a goodly company, and the reproach is not hard to bear. Moreover, his choice is not altogether irrational. When reading for pure enjoyment, why, it may be asked, should he take up that which will perhaps fail to charm, when old friends upon his shelves have golden joys to offer that have never failed him yet?

There are special reasons too for cherishing this conservative feeling at the present time. All that is brightest and noblest in our literature is in danger of being swamped under the mass of cheap novels and novelettes, society papers, Scraps and Tit-bits, that infest the railway bookstalls and find their way into the family circle. As a rule what is read to be torn up is not worthy the reading, and the mischief is that this literary rubbish destroys the relish, not only for the solid reading which demands strenuous thought, but also for imaginative work of a high order. Next to the perusal of books that are positively vicious, the acceptance of whatever comes to hand that does not demand mental labour—of whatever, whether false or true, excites a momentary diversion, is perhaps the worst kind of idling.

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A century ago, Dorothy Wordsworth complained that her brother, one of the least frivolous of men, "wasted his mind on the magazines." At that time the periodicals were few in number, and as sober as the "Annual Register." What would Dorothy say if she could enter a modern news-room and see the trivialities spread out upon the table? The means indeed provided for wasting the mind in our day would suffice to fill up all the reading time in a long life. Far better it were to live like Erskine of Linlathen on three books—The Bible, Plato, and Shakespeare—than to be cast adrift without rudder or compass on this sea of paper. "Magazining," said J. A. Symonds, "is only a temporary disease," and he looked for the time when the drifting mass of light literature would be exchanged for the great books of the world. There is not the faintest sign of such a time coming, nor is it wholly to be wished for. Some of the best and most thoughtful writing of the day is to be found in periodicals, but the danger is, lest what is sound and good should be thrust aside in favour of magazines that depend for their attraction on the gossip and doubtful incidents of the hour.

Every book nowadays is voted dull that is not sensational, and it is not uncommon to meet with educated men who are satisfied with this enfeebling food, and know nothing of English literature beyond what they learnt in class books at school. When Scott, who by the elder generation is regarded as one of the most exhilarating of authors, is considered tedious by the younger; when Boswell too often remains upon the shelf unread; when Milton is dust covered, and Pope unknown, and even Elia is but faintly recognised, one is led to ask whether the "general reader" of Queen Anne's day had not a more sensitive taste for literature

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than the same reader in our own? The magic power wielded by Addison, and in a lesser degree by Steele, all the world knows or may know without effort, for the story has been told again and again; but allowing as far as this can be done for a change of taste, it would seem that unless the modern successors to the Queen Anne essayists are able to offer a more luscious repast than those delightful writers provided, few people will care to sit daily at their board.

The lover of old books will not confine his attention to works of the highest order. The splendour of the great masters is at times too dazzling. He needs something less lofty; less inspiring and more homely, and turns to friends gifted enough to charm, but not stimulating enough to tax the mind severely. At such moments we reverence the standard authors best by leaving them alone, and by seeking for companionship with men a little nearer to our own level. Perhaps indeed we owe most for the nurture of our intellectual and spiritual life, to writers whose reputation is not of the highest order. If they cannot glance "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," they may have opened some small window, the light from which has guided us all our life long. Books produced by authors of this class will be unacknowledged in literary history; we do not talk about them, but we hold them close to our hearts and turn to them for refreshment in weary hours.

The old order changes and much of the literary taste that exists is directed into fresh channels. The reader accustomed to reverence his classics is dazzled and bewildered by the new lights. Too often what is obscure and finical is accounted "precious," and simplicity is classed with commonplace. What is "understood of the people" is regarded as not worth under-

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standing, and many of the old landmarks so dear to their fathers have been ruthlessly swept away by these literary iconoclasts. It would need some courage to assert in their presence the incomparable charm of Oliver Goldsmith, or the grace and tenderness of Cowper. Even Gray, who as an elegiac poet in the ordinary Englishman's judgment, and also in Mr. Swinburne's, "holds for all ages to come his unassailable and sovereign station," has been recently dethroned, and his *Elegy* deemed unworthy of a place in a selection of choice poems.

Is it strange, let me ask, if veteran readers familiar with the old paths feel little inclination to diverge from them into these new ways in which saplings take the place of forest trees and there is little to refresh either heart or eye? The saplings may grow some day and the newly laid grass become like the turf in a college garden, but there is a weary waiting time first. Every year, said De Quincey, "buries its own literature," a statement which when in a despondent mood one might be tempted to regret for its inaccuracy. Every year does not bury a great deal that the world would let die with very tolerable comfort—scores of novels for example which thanks to certain skilful arts have still a short term to live, and much too that is feebler, if that be possible, than the feeblest story ever paid for by a publisher.

It is obvious that it would be impertinent folly because a reader has a partiality for what is old to depreciate every author who has the misfortune to be young, and all the books upon which age has not set its seal. There was a memorable day when Shakespeare was a new poet, scorned perhaps by the old school; there was another day when Keats printed his first modest volume, and was punished for the crime. Some great

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dramatist is perhaps amongst us hitherto unheeded ; some splendid novelist destined to rival Thackeray or Charlotte Brontë. These new arrivals may in time win a place among the classics, and give the world even nobler loves and deeper delights than have been granted to us. Meanwhile, it is not strange if a reader no longer young prefers to rest in the companionship of authors who, after proving his wisest teachers in youth and manhood, speak to him in old age as no new voices can.





Constable at Hampstead.

BY CONSTANCE HILL.

“—— *Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.*”

—WORDSWORTH.



CONSTABLE used to tell of a visit he paid when a young man to Benjamin West, the kindly President of the Royal Academy, to whom he turned when suffering from the disappointment of having a picture rejected. He took another work with him for the President's criticism. "Don't be disheartened, young man," said Mr. West, "we shall hear of you again. You must have loved nature very much before you could have painted this." Constable's friend and biographer, Charles Leslie, remarks: "The subjects of his works form a history of his affections—Bergholt (his native town), Salisbury, Osmington, Hampstead, Gillingham, Brighton, Folkestone (where his boys were at school), and scenes in Berkshire, visited by him with Mr. Fisher."

Constable was painting on Hampstead Heath as early as 1817, but in 1821 he came to reside in Hamp-

Constable at Hampstead.

stead, although he retained his studio in Keppel Street, Russell Square. He took No. 2, Lower Terrace, and brought thither his wife and three young children. The small house has evidently suffered little change since those days. Its arched doorway with a fan-light framed in sprays of jasmine, its little front court gay with flowers, with a flagged walk and white steps, must have looked very attractive to the artist and his family, just arrived from their London home.

Hampstead was a village in those days, separated from the great city by many a mile of green fields. A stage coach performed the journey to London at intervals during the day time. The fare to Oxford Street was a shilling, and to the Bank eighteen-pence.

Constable writes to a friend from Lower Terrace (August 4th): "I am as much here as possible with my family. My placid and contented companion and her three infants are well. I have got a room at a glazier's where is my large picture, and at this place I have many small works going on, for which purpose I have cleared a shed in the garden, which held sand, coals, mops and brooms, and have made it a workshop. I have done a good deal here. . . . In the room where I am writing there are hanging up two beautiful small drawings by Cozens; one a wood, close and very solemn; the other a view from Vesuvius looking over Portici, very lovely. I borrowed them from my neighbour Mr. Woodburn." October 23rd, "I have done a good deal of skying, for I am determined to conquer all difficulties, and that among the rest. . . . I have often been advised to consider my sky as 'a white sheet thrown behind the objects. Certainly if the sky is obtrusive, as mine are, it is bad; but if it is evaded, as mine are not, it is worse; it must and always shall with me make an



JOHN CONSTABLE,
AGED 20.

Constable at Hampstead.

effectual part of the composition. It will be difficult to name a class of landscapes in which the sky is not the key-note, the standard of scale and the chief organ of sentiment."

Leslie tells us that he had in his possession no fewer than twenty studies of skies made by Constable at Hampstead. They were all painted in oils, on large sheets of thick paper, and all dated, with the time of day, the direction of the wind, and other memoranda on their backs. On one, for instance, was written "5th September, 1822, 10 o'clock, morning, looking south-east, brisk wind at west. Very light and fresh grey clouds running fast over a yellow bed about half way in the sky."

Constable delighted in his rustic surroundings. He writes, September 15th, 1825: "This morning a grand epoch was ushered in by a prodigious bustle with the fowls; the black hen making a great to do, the cock strutting about, and Billy (the cat) looking at them in great astonishment from the back kitchen window. . . . A dear little robin was washing himself in the pigeon's dish; dipping himself all over and making such a dashing and shaking and bobbing and bustle that it was quite ridiculous." Constable's interest in birds is shown again in a letter of a later date, when speaking of a visit to the poet Rogers. "He is a delightful man," he writes, "all intelligence, all benevolence and justice, and a generous upholder of art, living and dead. . . . It was pleasing to see him feed the sparrows while at breakfast and to see how well they knew him."

Very near to Lower Terrace is a house which Constable painted under the title of the "Romantic House at Hampstead." The picture represents the tall white building surmounted by a balustrade, now occupied

Constable at Hampstead.

by Mrs. Sharp. The picturesqueness is increased by the irregular front of Grove Lodge (formerly a farmhouse) forming part of the mass of building. Beyond it are seen the red roof and chimneys of Netley Cottage, and again beyond them the cupola of the old stables lately pulled down. In the foreground, at the foot of a steep bank, is a pond where a horse and cattle are drinking. An inhabitant of Hampstead, still living, well remembers this pond.

One of the finest pictures of Hampstead Heath is now in the "Constable Room" at the South Kensington Museum. It formerly belonged to Charles Leslie, and he thus describes it after an acquaintance, as he tells us, of five-and-twenty years: "The sky is the blue of an English summer day, with large, but not threatening, clouds of a silvery whiteness. The distance is of a deep blue, and the near trees and grass of the freshest green. . . . These tints are balanced by a very little warm colour on a road and gravel pit in the foreground, a single house in the middle distance, and the scarlet jacket of a labourer. Yet I know no picture in which the mid-day heat of summer is so admirably expressed; and were not the eye refreshed by the shade thrown over part of the foreground by some young trees that border the road and the cool blue of water near it, one would wish, in looking at it, for a parasol, as wished for an umbrella when standing before one of Fusili Constable's "showers." This picture is engraved in the "English Landscape" under the title of "A Heath."

There is also a beautiful drawing of the group of fir trees near the "Spaniards" in the "Constable Room." It is said that when the poet Blake saw this sketch he exclaimed, "Why, this is not drawing, but inspiration!"

Constable at Hampstead.

Constable replied, "I never knew it before, I meant it for drawing."

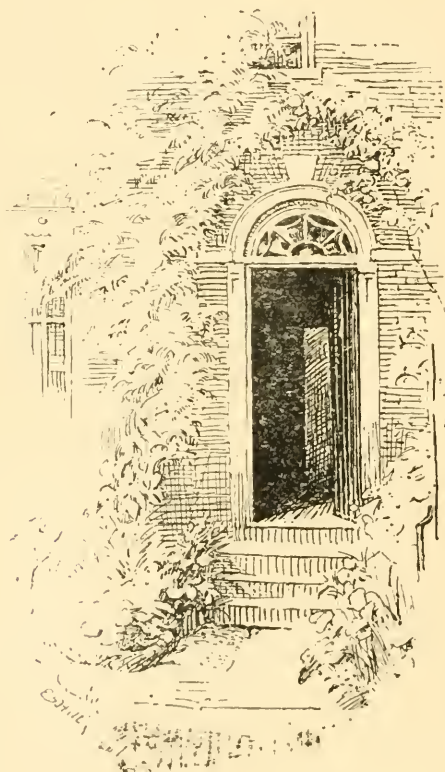
Constable's admiration for a fine tree resembled the "extasy of delight with which he would catch up a beautiful child in his arms." In one of his lectures, delivered in later years, the artist showed his audience a sketch of a tall and graceful ash. He said, "Many of my Hampstead friends may remember this *young lady* at the entrance of the village. Her fate was distressing, for it is scarcely too much to say that she died of a broken heart. I made this drawing when she was in full health and beauty. On passing, some time afterwards, I saw, to my grief, that a wretched board had been nailed to her side on which was written in large letters, *All vagrants and beggars will be dealt with according to law*. The tree seemed to have felt the disgrace, for even then some of the top branches had withered. Two long spike nails had been driven far into her side. In another year one half became paralyzed, and not long after the other shared the same fate; and this beautiful creature was cut down to a stump just high enough to hold the board."

This tree probably stood at the bottom of what is now Thurlow Road. In Constable's time there were no houses there. Grassy slopes occupied the rising ground, dotted with groups of elms. In a pond by the road side many a weary horse was watered before finally climbing Red Lion Hill and entering Hampstead village.

Constable gave up his house in Lower Terrace after a residence of two or three years, but in 1826 we find him again in the neighbourhood. He rented "a small house on Downshire Hill" (now No. 25) for a short period. The following year, however, he secured a more

Constable at Hampstead.

permanent home in Hampstead. He took a house in Well Walk, then No. 6, but at the present time No. 40. We are able to identify the house from the entries in the rate books for 1827, and also from the testimony of the late Dr. Sadler, who heard Charles Leslie declare that No. 6 was Constable's house. Dr. Sadler tells us that



CONSTABLE'S HOUSE,
No. 2, LOWER TERRACE.

the numbers have been twice changed. No. 6 first became No. 26, and lastly No. 40. The brick porch has been added in later years. Constable writes to his friend, Archdeacon Fisher, in the August of this year : " We are at length fixed in our comfortable little house in

Constable at Hampstead.

Well Walk, Hampstead. . . . I hope now that I am settled for life. I could gladly exclaim, 'Here let me take my everlasting rest!' . . . This house is to my wife's heart's content. It is situated on an eminence, and our little drawing-room commands a view unsurpassed in Europe, from Westminster Abbey to Gravesend. The dome of St. Paul's in the air seems to realize Michael Angelo's words on seeing the Pantheon, 'I will build such a thing in the sky.' We see the woods and lofty grounds of the East Saxons to the north-east."

Some relatives of the present writer possess a small sketch in oils made by Constable of this view, which was given to them by the late Miss Isabel Constable. In it the blue distance is seen over a foreground of waving tree-tops and the red roof of a cottage. Below these, till long after Constable's time, water-cress pools were to be found dividing a grassy hill-side from the lower heath. The Pump Room and an inn, called the "Green Man," flanked the row of houses where he dwelt. One who remembers the inn says that it had a sign-board swinging outside, on which was painted the full length portrait of a man in a green coat and yellow knee breeches, with a horn at his side.

A near neighbour of the artist's in Well Walk was an old Mr. James Poulter, who lived in a house beyond the Pump Room surrounded by a large garden. He wore a flat broad-brimmed hat and a trim black suit, with knee breeches and shoes of spotless brightness. He stigmatised trousers as "long-sleeved breeches." His grandson, then a child, remembers the great painter, who was kind to him as he was to all children, and who told him many an amusing story. He describes him as having a slight figure and blue eyes, and wearing a frock coat, which was unusual then. Constable greatly

Constable at Hampstead.

admired a birch tree that grew in Mr. Poulter's garden, and the child used to see him standing before this tree gazing at it by the hour together, his right elbow resting on his left hand. He said one day that it was the most beautiful tree he had ever seen.

About this time Mrs. Constable's health began to decline. Her husband writes to a friend in June, 1828, from his studio (now in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square), "My wife is sadly ill at Brighton . . . Hampstead, sweet Hampstead, is deserted. I am at work here and shall take my boy and pretty Minna to Brighton on the 20th." The family returned to Hampstead in August, and in the following November Mrs. Constable died. She was buried in the churchyard of Hampstead Parish Church, where Constable himself was afterwards laid to rest together with several of his children.

After the death of his wife, Constable clung with tender affection to his seven children, and endeavoured to help and comfort them in the midst of his own dire sorrow. His staunch friends too came to his assistance and did all in their power to soothe and cheer him.

A few years later Constable writes of his "pretty Minna": "She is so orderly in all her plans and so full of method, so lady-like by nature, and so firm and yet so gentle, that you cannot believe the influence this heavenly little monitor has on this whole house, but most of all on me who watch her dear ways with mingled smiles and tears." And writing one December, when she happened to be away from home on a short visit, he says: "My pretty Minna dressed up my mantelpiece with Christmas boughs and set out a little table in the dining room, that I might look pretty in her absence, which I scrupulously forbid to be disturbed."

The present writer had the privilege, some years

Constable at Hampstead.

ago, of spending a summer Sunday afternoon with this same "pretty Minna." She was then an elderly lady and was living with her sister and a brother in Hamilton Terrace. She had handsome features, with hair turning white, and her bearing was dignified. We had tea in a room hung with her father's pictures—pictures which were afterwards bequeathed to the nation. The "Cenotaph" was there, forming the centre of one wall; "Flatford Mill, with a boy riding on the towing horse and a barge hard by; the "Cottage in the Cornfield," and Willy Lott's small homestead by the Stour, so often painted by Constable.

In a letter written from Hampstead in 1821 to his friend, Archdeacon Fisher, Constable describes the scenery of his beloved county of Suffolk, with its winding rivers and old water-mills, and goes on to say: "Painting is with me but another word for feeling, and I associate my 'careless boyhood' with all that lies on the banks of the Stour. Those scenes made me a painter and I am grateful." And, in another letter alluding to a friend's travels in Italy, he says: "For my part I am doomed never to see the living scenes that inspired the landscape of Wilson and Claude. No," he continues, "but I was born to paint a happier land, my own dear old England; and when I cease to love her may I, as Wordsworth says—

"Never more hear
Her green leaves rustle or her torrents roar."

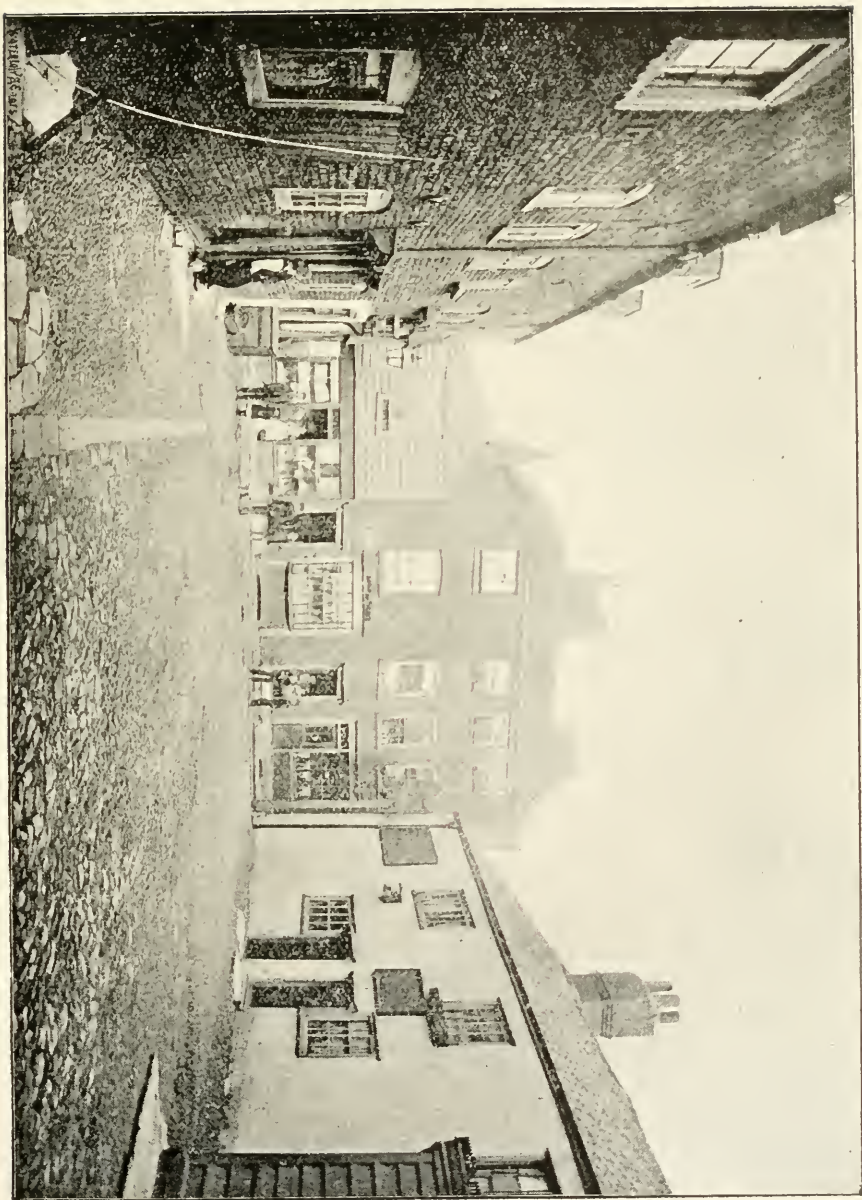
In the year 1829 Constable was made a Royal Academician. This tardy recognition of his merits could not give entire satisfaction, and he was pained by the behaviour of some leading Academicians who showed plainly their surprise at his being admitted into their ranks.

Constable at Hampstead.

In a letter to his friend Leslie he remarks, "I am still smarting under my election." A story is told in the "Life of Richard Redgrave" how "one year when Constable was on the Council of the Royal Academy, one of his own pictures was, by mistake, passed before the judges. 'Cross it,' said one. 'It won't do,' said another. 'Pass on,' said a third; and the carpenter was just about to chalk it, when he read the name of John Constable; of course there were lame apologies, and the picture was taken from the condemned heap and placed with the works of his brother Academicians. But after work was over, Constable took the picture under his arm and, despite the remonstrances of his colleagues, marched off with it. 'I can't think,' said he, 'of its being hung after it has been fairly turned out.'" The work so condemned was the "Stream bordered with willows," now in South Kensington Museum. Leslie admired it so greatly that he told Redgrave he would give any picture he, himself, had painted to possess it.

The critics showed even less appreciation of his work than did his brother artists. But Constable did not expect justice in his lifetime. He remarks in his Introduction to the "English Landscape," a series of mezzotint engravings after his works: "The rise of an artist, in a sphere of his own, must certainly be delayed; it is to time generally that the justice of his claims to a lasting reputation will be left." He wrote the following words on a scrap of paper, found after his death. "My art flatters nobody by *imitation*, it courts nobody by *smoothness*, it tickles nobody by *petiteness*, it is without either *fal de lal* or *fiddle de dee*. How then can I hope to be popular?"

To an adviser who made reiterated suggestions for the *improvement* of a picture, he said at last, "Don't you



THE "YORKSHIRE CHEESE" YARD.

Constable at Hampstead.

see that I might go on and make this picture so good that it would be good for nothing?" Constable remarks of this class of dilettante critics, "Such persons stroll about the foot of Parnassus only to pull down by the legs those who are laboriously climbing its sides." But the artist was cheered on his way by the warm-hearted admiration of more clear-sighted persons. A lady visitor to his studio exclaimed, on catching sight of a newly finished work, "How fresh, how dewy, how exhilarating!" "I told her," he says, "that half of this, if I could think I deserved it, was worth all the talk and cant about pictures in the world." Speaking of a painting by De Hoogh he says, "How completely has he overcome the art and trampled it under foot, yet how full of art it is!"

In June, 1833, Constable gave the first of a series of lectures on Landscape Painting to the members of the Literary and Scientific Society of Hampstead. The lectures were delivered in the Holly Bush Assembly Rooms, probably in the upper room; for on these occasions the artist was surrounded by fine examples of past, as well as contemporary landscape art, which he used as illustrations of his theme. There would be but little space for such an exhibition in the low-ceilinged lower room. In looking round us therefore in what was formerly the ball-room of Hampstead, with its white fluted pilasters, its musicians' gallery, and its long windows with their white frames, we may picture to ourselves the whole scene. Surely the lecturer's words about the paintings of Claude apply to his own works! "Sweetness and amenity reign through every creation of his pencil; but his chief power consisted in uniting splendour with repose, warmth with freshness and dark with light."

Constable at Hampstead.

In Constable's last lecture, which was delivered in the summer of 1836, only a few months before he died, he said : " The landscape painter must walk in the fields with an humble mind. No arrogant man was ever permitted to see nature in all her beauty. If I may be allowed to use a very solemn quotation, I would say emphatically to the student, ' Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth ' Paley observed of himself that ' the happiest hours of a sufficiently happy life were passed by the side of a stream,' and I am greatly mistaken if every landscape painter will not acknowledge that his most serene hours have been spent in the open air with his palette on his hand."





A Fluctibus.

BY FRANK PODMORE.



Y title is not a quotation from the Psalms, or even from the Latin grammar, but the pen-name of one Robert Fludd, a seventeenth century philosopher. Writing in the first half of that century, at a time when Latin was still throughout Europe the common speech of the learned, Fludd naturally produced the first edition (1638) of his book, "Philosophia Moysaica," in that language : and as naturally, following in this the example of Von Hohenheim (Paracelsus), Albert de Groot, and other sages, perpetrated a pun on his undistinguished English surname. Some twenty years later, however, in conformity with the fashion then beginning to prevail, he brought out a second edition in the mother-tongue, "Mosaicall Philosophy, grounded upon the Essentiall Truth or Eternall Sapience." It is impossible from the title to guess the nature of the contents : for Fludd was in fact the last of the Alchemists, a disciple of the famous Paracelsus, and held fast to all the mystical traditions of the Middle Ages. He believed in magic, the transmutation of metals, the influence of the stars, the divining rod, the sympathetic cure, together with some very singular properties in animals and plants, as yet unveri-

A Fluctibus.

fied by modern biologists. Considered in detail his views could easily be made to seem simply absurd. Their real interest lies in the fact that they form almost the latest exposition, in English of a wonderfully vivid and racy character, of a now all but extinct system of philosophy. Briefly, that philosophy, called by its later disciples the Magnetical or Sympathetic System, was founded on a consideration of the properties of the magnet, especially its action at a distance, and its union of two equally-balanced and opposite forces ; and saw in those properties the key to the riddle of the universe. For all things, according to Fludd and his school, act and re-act on each other as the iron and loadstone. Thus stars influence mankind, and men in turn influence the stars ; or as Fludd puts it : “ Every astrall influence in the Creature doth by a naturall inclination, and that sympathetically, aspect the star or celestiall Fountain from which it did spring : and likewise the Star in heaven, by a paternal respect, doth send down his influence to feed and nourish his like filiall fire and form in the Creature here below.” So all reaching was this influence that man’s heavenly Spirit, being more subtle than the loadstone, may send forth “ the Astrallicall beams of his Vertue ” unto the highest throne of Divinity. Man is, indeed, the Microcosm, or perfect miniature of the Universe, and “ containeth in himself no otherwise his heavens, circles, poles and stars than the great world doth.”

The influence which radiates from the stars not only directs the destinies of men, but produces various effects on the material of the planet, for “ the Etheriall Sperm or Astrallicall influences are of a far subtler condition than is the vehicle of visible light . . . they continually penetrate even unto the center or universal bosom of the

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earth, where they generate metals of sundry kinds, as the antient philosophers do justifie."

And these metals in their turn send out rays which "concurring in their ascent with the beamy influences of the forked Rood" (a forked hazel twig) bend it down, so that men can discover metals hidden in the earth ; and if any should be sceptical as to this compelling virtue of hidden ores, he is bidden to remember that, as the miners in Germany know well, metallic veins at times send forth thunder and lightning, "which appeareth most dangerous unto the workmen." A similar virtue is possessed by the Catablepa ; for "it is well known and confirmed by many authors, that the Catablepa, being but a very small animal, killeth with the beam of his aspect a thousand paces off from him." We read indeed elsewhere that if a Catablepa wished to commit suicide, he did but need to contemplate his own image in a glass, and so direct the reflected venom of his glance upon himself.

Man being a Microcosm, the qualities and essences of all things else are contained in him. Even from his dead body may medicine of much virtue be extracted. A very Salutory Mummy (the "mummy" is the vital essence of the man) may be obtained from a corpse : but it must be a corpse which has met its death by and in the element of air, *ergo* by strangling or hanging. It is this Salutory Mummy which witches in the middle ages found on the gallows-tree. From the living man too may be extracted poisons and other essences of prodigious virtue : but their preparation involves such monstrous cruelty, that no one, apparently, was wicked enough to undertake it, save Jews and an occasional Cardinal : for Fludd was Catholic in his antipathies, as became an English Churchman, and loved the Jews about as much as does a modern French General.

A Fluctibus.

But the most practical part of Fludd's system is that which deals with the sympathetic or magnetical cure. Here is an admirable receipt for curing the gout, which he quotes with approval from Johannes Rhumelius Pharamondus:—Cut off some hair from the feet, legs, and thighs of the patient, with some parings of the toe nails: make a hole in an oak: put in the hair, etc., stop the hole up with a plug of the same wood, and smear the outside with cow-dung: “the Oke should draw magnetically the Gowt out of the body.” If this fails, there remains one more chance: take more hair and nail clippings and tie them upon the back of “a crab or crab fish” (? cray fish), and cast the fish into running water. A general receipt for the cure of all diseases is to prepare from the living man a “microcosmicall magnet.” Now the preparation of this “Magnet” is a mystery, and is told in symbols, which only the wise will understand. But having obtained your magnet, it is to be applied to the member affected, in such wise that it will draw to itself the spiritual mummy from the member. Then place the extracted mummy in prepared earth, and sow therein seeds of plants appropriate to the disease: then, as the herb grows it will “extract the imbibed mummial spirits out of the magnet,” and will be “fit to cure the infirmity of his proper member.” The sufferer who was thus content to wait upon the long results of time surely deserved the name of Patient.

But the healing of wounds and such matters was a much simpler task. Fludd gives a case from his own knowledge in which, one suffering from toothache, a gentlewoman of his acquaintance pricked the tooth with a sharp stick till it bled, and then put the stick into soothing ointment. The toothache was straightway

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cured. But a few days later the gentlewoman, having conceived cause of offence against her patient, took the stick out of the ointment and put it into cold water, and the toothache returned.

Again, if one should be wounded with a dagger, the dagger should be well covered with medicinal ointment, wrapped in a cloth, and laid carefully by in a warm place; and the wound would thereupon become pacific and shortly be healed. The philosophy of this process shall be given in our philosopher's own words:—"If, after a wound is made, a portion of the wound's externall blood, with his inward spirits, or the internall spirits onely, that have penetrated into the weapon, or any other thing which have searched the depth of the wound, be conveyed from the wound at any reasonable but unlimited and unknown distance, unto an Oyntment, whose property is Balsanick, and agreeing specifically with the nature of the creature so wounded, the Oyntment so animated by those spirits will become forthwith magneticall, and apply with a magneticall aspect and regard unto those beamy Spirits which stream forth invisibly from the wound, being directed thereto by the Spirituall bloody spirits in the weapon or other thing which hath received or included them. . . . And this is the reason of that Sympatheticall or anti-patheticall reference and respect, which is "by experience observed to be between the oyntment and the wound."

Such, in brief outline, was the Magnetical Philosophy of the 16th and 17th centuries, as set forth by one of its latest exponents. Though mystical in substance, and avowedly derived from the great mystical philosophers of the past, it is curious to note that Fludd professes to base his theories strictly on experiment and observation, and habitually appeals to the behaviour of the magnet—the

real mineral magnet—as affording an example from which we may infer analogically the behaviour, in like circumstances, of living bodies. Fludd and his friend and fellow believer, the Scotch physician, William Maxwell, would certainly have claimed that their system was rational and scientific; and, indeed, the most notable difference between this seventeenth century philosophy and the modern scientific conception of the Cosmos is a difference of degree and proportion. The modern conception is avowedly growing and tentative: and admits, or should admit, the presence of a vast mass of unassimilated facts, the digestion and incorporation of which within its system must materially modify the system itself. Mysticism, equally rational, was not equally modest. From the Middle Ages and the Schoolmen it inherited a disastrous contempt for mere brute facts. The dull externalities of life were the embellishment, not the foundation, of the theory. Mysticism in effect represents a short cut to knowledge: a premature synthesis of the universe. There is a modern legend, probably not less veracious than the history of the Catablepa, that one of two well known writers who had for many years collaborated in the production of some excellent novels, was asked to reveal the secret of so felicitous a co-operation. “Two desks,” he is reported to have said, “and two brandies and soda, and there you are!” The equipment of many a mediæval philosopher was hardly more adequate. Furnished with a moderate Latinity, some acquaintance with classical authors, and the writings of Albertus Magnus and the Schoolmen, he was prepared, with the help of a few Biblical texts, traditional anecdotes in natural history, and a free use of analogy, to solve the mystery of this or any other universe.



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HAMPSTEAD ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

THE inception of the idea to inaugurate an Astronomical and Scientific Society for Hampstead was certainly a happy idea.

"Magna est veritas et prevalebit" and Science makes for Truth.

Albeit, however beneficial a home study of science may be, an additional incentive is certainly acquired for increased knowledge when backed up by a society formed for the purpose, affording facilities for lectures, demonstrations, meetings, discussions, etc.

If the Executive and Members generally will only take an interest in the proceedings of the Society and in the broad scope of the objects in view, the year 1899 will not sink into the oblivion of the past without at least bringing into existence a society at once intellectually recreative and increasingly of practical utility.

Had it not been for Colonel Heberden's generous offer of a telescope, the effort would probably not have taken definite shape, but now that a start has been made, it is greatly to be hoped that the versatile talent with which Hampstead abounds will be offered and devoted to the aid of the Society.

The Council wish it to be known that they will welcome as members and lecturers, ladies and gentlemen who can and will utilise the means at their disposal, and their knowledge, for the furtherance of scientific

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research and information. In the course of a year or so, when the Society emerges from its embryo state, it is hoped that there will be three or four separate sections, with a separate secretary responsible for the successful working of each. It is anticipated that among the members many will be found who will take a *special* interest in astronomy, zoology, botany, geology, microscopical research, photography, etc.

While it is a source of satisfaction to have the telescope on the site considerably granted by the London County Council, on the East Heath, it is to be regretted that the strenuous effort to erect an observatory well worthy of London, could not be carried into effect owing to lack of funds. The question naturally arises, is it not true that this country is at times behind others in providing opportunities for the study and dissemination of scientific knowledge, and especially in not having observatories where those desirous of obtaining a better acquaintance with the marvels of the universe could do so without much expense? At present it cannot be gained at all, for popular observatories do not exist. Beyond doubt there is need for a really good observatory, and doubtless in such a neighbourhood as this, the Society, if once possessed of so valuable an acquisition, should and would experience no difficulty in securing ample support to cover all annual expenses incurred in maintaining it in proper working order.

Such an observatory should prove a centre of attraction—the gravitating point from whence all other branches of science could be taken up, considered, and advantageously advanced.

Proverbially what is everybody's business is no one's, yet will not some one who is philanthropically disposed take the matter seriously into consideration, and establish what could not fail, if rightly managed, to be a permanent benefit? Such an opportunity for good does not often present itself.

The initial lines upon which the Society essays its start may be productive of only indirect benefit, yet it may be none the less sure, and may prove of considerable utility as years roll on.

Of course much of any possible success depends on the Executive ; at the same time it rests to a very large extent with the Members themselves whether or not the Society becomes of that practical service which it merits and demands.

E.C.C.

[Donations or subscriptions may be paid to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. E. Compson Crump, L. and S.W. Bank, Ltd., Hampstead, and any information respecting the Society will gladly be supplied on application to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Basil W. Martin, 7, Holly Place.]

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ONE of the chief events of the year, so far as Hampstead is concerned, is Sir Charles Dilke's promise that his Keats relics, which are at present at the Chelsea Public Library, shall find a final resting place in our midst. A full list of these relics appeared in *The Hampstead and Highgate Express* for September 30th, 1899.

THE SHEPHERD'S WELL AND THE HAMPSTEAD WATER CARRIERS.



SHEPHERD'S WELL.

"Hone's Table Book, 1827."

IN the meadows formerly known as the Shepherd's or Conduit Fields, across which the present Fitzjohn's Avenue runs, and on the spot where Conduit House now stands, there was an old well called the Shepherd's Well. The following account of this is given by Hone in his "Table Book."—"The arch embedded above and around by the green turf forms a conduit head to a beautiful spring; the specific gravity of the fluid, which yields several tons a day, is little more than that of distilled water. Hampstead abounds in other springs, but they are mostly impregnated with mineral substances. The water of 'Shepherd's Well' therefore, is in continual request; and those who cannot otherwise obtain it are

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supplied through a few of the villagers, who make a scanty living by carrying it to houses, the charge varying according to distance. . . . The chief inconvenience of habitation in this delightful village is the inadequate distribution of good water. Occasional visitants, for the sake of health, frequently sustain considerable injury by the insalubrity of private springs, and charge upon the fluid they breathe the mischief they derive from the fluid they drink. The localities of the place afford almost every variety of aspect and temperature that invalids require; and a constant sufficiency of wholesome water might easily be obtained by a few simple arrangements."

Lord Loughborough vainly endeavoured to stop the supply of water from this spring, but what he was unable to effect was to a certain degree accomplished later, when the construction of sewers and drains above the spring partially dried it up.



HAMPSTEAD WATER CARRIER.

Illustrated London News, March 23, 1850,

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THE CHICKEN HOUSE.

THE Chicken House, of which an illustration appears, stood formerly on Rosslyn Hill, behind the shop since rebuilt by Mr. Dudman. It was a building of low proportions, and composed of brick. According to local tradition it was once a hunting seat of King James I. This traditional belief had its origin in some painted glass formerly in the windows which afterwards formed part of the collection of Sir Thomas Neave, at Branch Hill Lodge. In one part of the ornamental glass are small portraits of James I. and the Duke of Buckingham; and beneath the former is the following inscription, commemorating the circumstance of the King sleeping here:

Icy dans cette chambre coucha nostre Roy Jacques, premier de nom. Le 25me Aoust, 1619.

In another window was a representation of the Saviour in the arms of Simeon.

It is said that the first Earl of Mansfield had lodgings here, and it may have been that during his residence in the Chicken House he acquired that knowledge of the neighbourhood which induced him at a later period to become the purchaser of Ken Wood.

Mr. Baines, in his "Records of Hampstead," suggests that at one time the Chicken House may have been the home of a well-to-do farmer, or the residence of a country gentleman (perhaps his hunting box), who gave it a name since distorted into the Chicken House.

Samuel Gale, the antiquary, and son of the learned Dean Gale, died in this house.

Towards the close of the last century, we are told that the house was frequented by thieves and vagabonds, and harbourers of thieves, the landlord himself being a habitual pickpocket. Subsequently the old building was cut up into tenements and inhabited by several families; it was finally demolished about twenty years ago.

THE OLD WORKHOUSE.

THE old Hampstead Poorhouse, the illustration of which has been taken from an old engraving made towards the end of the last century, stood on some sloping ground in Frognaal, opposite to Montague Grove. The building was taken down at the beginning of this century. Before being converted into the Parish Poorhouse, it was a private residence in which it is supposed that Booth, Wilks, and Cibber, the actors, resided for a time.

COLLINS' FARM, NORTH END.

FROM March, 1824, part of this house was for some years inhabited by John Linnell, the artist. William Blake frequently visited him

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there, as well as others of their circle, Dr. Thornton, John Varley (the astrologer), Mulready, Richter, and Samuel Palmer being among the number. The Farm, an illustration of which is given in the *Annual*, is now known as "Wyldes."

MRS. TENNYSON'S HOUSE.

Mrs. Tennyson, the mother of the poet, passed the last years of her life with her daughter at Rose Mount, a house at the corner of Flask Walk—now Well Walk. An illustration of this appears in the *Annual*. In Hallam Lord Tennyson's Memoirs of his father, there is a letter from Mrs. Tennyson to her son, dated January, 1860. This is written from



Rose Manor [sic], Well Walk. She died there about 1861. During his mother's residence there the poet was a frequent visitor to Hampstead, and his figure in a long cloak was well known to the inhabitants.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

AMONG the books published during the year, whose authors or editors are associated with Hampstead, may be mentioned the following:—The "Chiswick" Shakespeare, edited by J. Dennis; "On Books and Art," by Frederick Wedmore; "A Son of Erin," by Annie S. Swan; "The Expansion of Egypt," by A. Silva White; "Oliver Cromwell," by Arthur Paterson; "Signors of the Night," by Max Pemberton; "Animals of Africa," by H. A. Bryden; "The Moorish Empire," by Budgett Meakin; "An Editor's Bookshelves," by Clement K. Shorter; "An Exiled Scot," by H. A. Bryden; "The Orange Girl," by Sir Walter Besant; "The Fowler," by Beatrice Harraden; "Sketches from Memory," by G. A. Storey; "Sermons for Children," by the late Dr. Sadler; "The Modern Jew," by Arnold White.



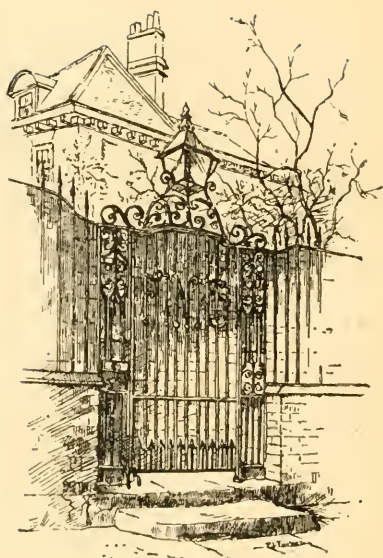
Editors' Notes.

WE have again to tender our hearty thanks to our contributors for their generous and invaluable assistance. Many of them are old friends, whose work is familiar to our readers, while some we welcome for the first time. As in past years, there is no lack of local colour in the *Annual*, and we are happy to think that interesting subjects pertaining to Hampstead are by no means exhausted, so full is our "ancient village" of associations literary and artistic.

* * * *

WE owe especial thanks to Mr. George Potter of Highgate, for so generously placing at our disposal his interesting collection of old Hampstead views, some of which we reproduce in the *Annual*; also to Mrs. Charles Lewes for kindly permitting us to reproduce the portrait of Miss Margaret Gillies.





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